

The Critic

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Richard Henry Dana, Sr.

(Nov. 15, 1787—Feb. 2, 1879.)

IN 1877 William H. Channing went down to Manchester by the Sea to visit an old man whom he thus describes:

As I entered, the sun fell over his long silvery locks and beard, hanging down upon his shoulders and breast, and gave him a look of almost transparent spirituality as he smiled on me with his soft blue eyes, and extended his white hand in welcome. He was very bright and cheerful, and talked with his old grace and gentle enthusiasm pointing out his favorite spots of picturesque beauty, and discussing literary and political topics. He is an ardent Republican, and altogether he seemed hopeful of the prospects of the Republic.

This ardent Republican, who died two years after that date—was a thirteen-year-old Federalist when the century came in, and consequently ninety years old when Mr. Channing saw him. He had kept even pace with the United States of America. If he had lived eight years longer than he did, he would have celebrated the Constitution's Centennial in celebrating his own.

Although as a literary genius Richard Henry Dana, Sr., would not to-day count for much among the great lights of the world, it is appropriate in a literary journal that a word or two should be said of him. His eminent son is known in two continents; but the father was almost forgotten full a quarter of a century before he died. Longfellow, meeting him one evening in 1862, writes of him in his journal, as a 'courteous gentleman who has somewhat outlived his fame, and to whom the present generation does not pay the honor which is his due.' The aged poet was then 75, an age when one is fortunate if he can be active, and blessed if he is still consulted by the living; for it is an age when

Life still pressing

Is one undressing,

A steady aiming at a tomb,

and he had already half entered his literary sepulchre.

Dana was bred a lawyer, but shrank from the practice of the profession. His connection with literature began in 1818 with contributions to *The North American Review*, then recently started, and destined to play an important part in developing American taste and lifting our standard of criticism. The young writer, hardly yet a poet, was then as always an independent factor in reform and could not be counted long with coteries or cliques. He worked for two years with the *Review*, of which his cousin Edward Channing was for a time editor, and then formed a coterie of one—and friends—in establishing the *Idle Man*. Being himself the 'Idle Man,' he found it unprofitable to practise that sort of calling at his own expense, and he let the periodical die at the end of a few months. Some of its best work, together with his best poems, went into a thin volume in 1827. Six years later the volume had grown rather stout, and held fifteen poems, three or four stories, in an old key, and the essays in a key still older. The last collection of his works, which included some reviews, was made in 1850, when he was himself almost the Nestor of American poets. Prose and verse thus filled two volumes, still to be found in

old libraries, although seldom read. Nor are they, in the changed fashion of to-day, altogether very readable; and yet one might profitably forego much of the poetry and prose which finds many readers nowadays, for an hour in the simple, earnest, honest, and very meaty pages of this old pioneer of a modern school of literature in America.

The prose pieces are essays in the vein and manner of the then recent English essayists, and quite as good as the average work of the London writers. We had an Anglomaniism then, as we have it now, and it was, in that day, not unjustifiable—at least, as Dana conceived it. Few of our early writers were able to go far without looking to England for the step. It was an English band that played the march, and, in his case, a very good band. Before he sat down to write prose he read carefully the Eighteenth-Century essayists most popular in England, and before he constructed a plot he consulted Walter Scott. His library was a good one, but his favorite authors were such as we read less now than they were then read. But it was out of the first mood of this century that his taste was developed. In prose he advanced but little. The reader will find all the homely virtues of a chaste, sweet-natured, fireside-loving society; the manners of one bred in libraries who took an occasional 'outing' at the Anthology Club; a well-trained and courteous gentleman in a half-provincial town; a cultivated, elevated, pure mind, that admits of no tricks with virtue, no vulgarity; a man who seldom jests, never lies, swears only rarely, but sometimes deals in satire; who is alive to the exceeding sinfulness of vulgarity, and is kindled into mild wrath by any evidence of low aims or commonplace contentment. This is the essay vein of 'The Idle Man.' It contains some nuggets which show poetic imagination; among others, this bit:—'The rest of the company soon went out, one after another, without any noise, like sparks upon burnt paper, leaving my old friend and me to finish the bottle.' Lowell humorously bettered this image many years later when he wrote in 'The Courtin':—

She heerd a foot, and knowed it too,

A-raspin on the scraper,—

All ways to once her feelins flew

Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

Unlike the essays, the stories strike into a vein of passion, blood and fire. While the essay is with the 'élite,' the romance keeps company with the 'illicit.' The ground-work was the favorite one in those days, and found its *raison d'être* in New England, as everywhere else. The plot turned on domestic infelicity, and ran against family skeletons. Ghosts haunted the closets of the Puritans, and if Walter Scott could find supernatural appearances in English life, the New England atmosphere could supply them quite as well. The English ghost, however, led the dance, and was decidedly more animated, so that to-day, if we care for that kind of company, we go to the original dance-master, the great 'Wizard of the North'—Walter Scott. Charles Brocden Brown, in Philadelphia, had preceded Dana in this rattling of the skeletons after the English manner, and his influence, of the 'Caleb Williams' variety, was clearly important to the New England writer. But when one begins to trace influences, he soon discovers that there are infections which move in the air and strike many places contemporaneously. It is always a problem whether the tainted atmosphere—*corrupto cal tractu*—has passed from Philadelphia to Boston, or has been admitted unquarantined from London. It is in the air, and, like bees in swarming time, may settle on any foreordained head, or leave all heads untouched. The reader will not go to Dana for any original work in prose. He was a reader and lover of books, and brought good ones to America; wrote about them in the *Review*; and, with the Channings—who were his cousins—with the Everetts, and Sparkses and Walkers, made a good centre about which a new literary culture formed itself; but after the literature began to grow, he was easily distanced by the young men who revered and outgrew him. Ex-

cept for the rare and brilliant genius, William Ellery Channing, brought up in part like himself in Newport, he was the oldest of the group that welcomed Wordsworth and the 'Lake' people, and blessed them because they loved Nature—the only poetical thing, except his fireside and his liberty, which the New Englander then found to love.

Of all the new English geniuses whose work came to America in those times by the first ship, and was caught and valued in every cultivated home, Wordsworth was the one whose quality was most in keeping with the conditions of life here. Walter Scott's ancient knights and knightly houses—his vast background of romantic tradition—could not be duplicated in a new country. Our ancestors could admire him, but could not build like him. Byron, whom they might have built after, was too wicked, Moore too piquant for Boston. The Puritan, even in his emancipated condition as Unitarian, could not present Byronic verse or the sentiment of Moore, acceptable at once to the saint and the sinner, both of whom must be consulted, east of the Connecticut River. But the range and freedom of imagination in the Unitarian Coleridge were competent even to the Puritan, and the austere beauty of Churchman Wordsworth's morality was acceptable in the 'best society,' while the material in which the Wordsworth School worked was spread out here as nowhere else in the world. Newport—loveliest of sea-sides—was Dana's early haunt; and it was along the seashore that he found inspiration for much of his verse—certainly for his best verse. Bryant, a close friend of Dana's, was born, so to speak, in the woods among the hills, and loved the forest, which, in turn, loved him, and everywhere sings in his verse. Dana, on the other hand, heard the voice of the Atlantic, and never could get away from it.

In Nature's calmest hour he hears the roar
Of winds and flinging waves—puts out the light,
When high and angry passions meet in fight;
And, his own spirit into tumult hurled,
He makes a turmoil of a quiet world.

Yet the tumultuous voice of the sea is a cover often for the sweetest moods in Nature. There is in it a 'glorious privacy,' and Dana found here a still beauty for some of his minor poems as well as a riotous uproar for 'The Buccaneer.' The imagination is upheld in its flights by the grandeur and variety of the ocean. All the imagined attributes of power and endurance in Deity are easily conceived there; and, none the less, by the seashore, Nature furnishes the most delicate contrasts. Flowers bloom as sweetly; grass takes on soberer, but richer, colors. Nature is never monotonous to the poetical mind. So it was that Wordsworth gave the key to all this variety of beauty and power, and the New England poets clutched it as a birthright opening to them what was surely their own, what was almost their only possession. Nature was theirs, and into her strong box was cast their entire Puritan inheritance. Between her and Religion there was close harmony. In fact she taught them a religion, moulding for them a poetical creed wherein faith and admiration were handmaidens. Together they saw with a clearer vision what imagination had often tried to realize. Nature discoursed of 'life, death, and immortality,' and of the last of this solemn trio quite as enthusiastically in the new country as in the old.

It was in connection with this Wordsworthian element that the Transcendental verse of the period was first worked. Bryant, though younger than Dana, was the first to make his mark in it, and the mood soon passed beyond the reach of Dana. The belief went to other and stronger preachers; but it is worth while to note the first great strain in American song, with which Dana moved in harmony, and to contrast with it the mood which, after half a century, has grown up to take its place. To-day external nature enters into American poetry, but less in its wilder and vaster features. The larger landscape has been cut up into garden plots and fenced in. The poet hears the machinery of factories, the scream of the locomotive, wherever he goes, and listens less

to the winds and sea. There will be no more grand forest hymns like Bryant's, no stirring ocean songs. Verse adopts other sounds, and has no time to waste on the wilderness. The days when the pioneer grows uneasy because a family has moved in within fifty miles of his 'location,' are past. The poet is envired by man, and must listen to inharmonious noises, turning them into music if he can. The vast change of environment has thrown upon literature a corresponding necessity, and poet and romancer and essayist no longer speak, as Irving spoke, to an audience of personal acquaintances in a limited population, or as Dana spoke, to a company of provincial scholars who met on the front porch at night to listen to the wind. The audience to-day has lived next door for ten years and is known only to the tax-gatherer and the apothecary; or it is listening to the click of the telegraphic key, and has no ear for the more soothing sounds of nature.

JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

Reviews.

Stedman's "Victorian Poets."*

IN THIS, the thirteenth edition of 'Victorian Poets' since 1875, Mr. Stedman has added to the original text a supplementary chapter, extending the study to the fiftieth year of the period under review. In this final form the book is to take its place beside 'Poets of America,' and the author has expressed, not only by marginal references, but distinctly in his Preface, the desire that the works shall be regarded as companions. They are to be 'read together, and each of them not in fragments but as a whole.' As the English treatise is more occupied with technical criticism than the American, the latter 'examining its topic in connection with the formation of national sentiment,' and regarding poetry more particularly as 'the music of emotion, faith, aspiration, and all the chords of life,' the critic's circular conception of the poetic art can only be grasped by the adjustment of these complementary arcs. It is obvious that 'Poets of America,' by virtue of its very scheme, thus declared, possesses a somewhat more serious significance than its fellow. Viewed singly, 'Victorian Poets' will perhaps more fully satisfy those who look upon poetry simply as 'beautiful thought expressed in rhythmical form,' than those who would, with Arnold, define it as a criticism of life, or, accepting the comparatively recent amendment of Mr. Stedman himself to this definition, as 'the objective portrayal and illumination of life.'

It is now needless to dwell upon the distinctive characteristics of our brilliant critic. We well know what we may confidently expect in any new words with which he shall favor the students of literature. His thought is always of a diamond-like clarity, and the diamond is 'cut and polished with its own rich dust'; his expression has the precision of the skilled lapidary's chiselling. We are acquainted, too, with the rare grace of his illustration. Even when thus self-banished from his own poetic dukedom to the region of the essay, he still keeps at command a fancy delicate as Ariel. But the already familiar characteristic which most impresses the reader of the present Preface and the supplementary chapter on the last twelve years of British song, is the absolute candor of the writer. His 'later, and perhaps riper, judgment' leads him to 'amend in some degree his early criticism.' He confesses that 'the prominence given to Procter seems hardly in accord with the just perspective of a synthetic view.' He feels himself to have been 'unjust in a scant appreciation of Arnold's most ideal trait,' which is described as 'the subtlety with which he responds to, and almost expresses, the inexpressible—the haunting suggestions, the yearnings of man and nature—the notes of starlight and shadow, the evasive mystery of what we are and "all that we behold." He now more plainly perceives

* Victorian Poets. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Revised and Extended. \$2. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

the poetry of Arnold to be sincerely and inevitably 'representative of the questioning progress of the day.'

But the most notable admission here made by the critic is that of a certain defectiveness in his former essay on Robert Browning. In his sketch of the later work of this poet, Mr. Stedman holds himself nicely balanced. The tension of a conscientious desire to do exact justice, the integrity of a judgment untouched by the caprice of the crowd, must be evident to that 'praiseworthy reader' for whom the author writes. Yet we fancy that many an earnest Browning-lover will still yearn to touch with the lance this point in the argent armor of the expert critic whom he could not hope to overthrow in the lists of argument. We do not speak of the pedants who dig with an eager hand for treasure, and rejoice at the discovery of angleworms; but of those who recognize, in the simple yet adequate words of an English scholar who has recently reviewed Victorian literature, that 'to touch the singing robes of the author of "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and "Prospice," is to feel an influx of new strength.' Acknowledgment, as full as that expressed in Prof. Dowden's metaphor, of the special virtue that goes forth from the virile poet to his reader, of the special value to the individual soul of his criticism or illuminative presentation of life, is not to be found in the pages, original or supplemental, of the American critic, frequently appreciative as he is of 'this profound writer's matchless insight and resources.' Unquestionably many of his early strictures are justified by a point of view chiefly technical. Nowhere, it seems to us, appears so plainly the inherent superiority of 'Poets of America' to its twin, as in the contrast between the former's treatment of a rebel against form and convention in Whitman, and the latter's treatment of Robert Browning.

The Laureate still appears to Mr. Stedman as 'all in all, the fullest representative of the refined and complex Victorian age.' His handling of Tennyson's latest productions is sympathetic and reverent. Among the younger poets he finds over-intellectuality and scholarship a bar to the production of manly, spontaneous, and purely English song—poetry expressive of 'the resolution of an imperial and stalwart people . . . It may be that before we can hope for a return of poetic vigor some heroic crisis must be endured.' And the critic thinks the crisis near at hand.

"Arcady: for Better, for Worse." *

UNDER the quaint title, 'Arcady: for Better, for Worse,' Dr. Augustus Jessopp has collected a number of essays which throw a genial though unflattering light on some of the realities of English life. The author tells us, in a few modest paragraphs, that he spent the first of his working years as the poor curate of a country parish. Later, he was transferred to London; but, about seven years ago, after a quarter of a century of city life, he again became, to his great joy, a countryman; holding now a benefice which we may suppose brings him in something better than ten dollars (two pounds) a week—the magnificent salary on which he had to make the two ends meet in his curate days. This experience, need it be said? is just what is needed to enable a man, otherwise competent, to write pleasantly and profitably about country matters. With all other qualifications, Dr. Jessopp has been abundantly supplied either by nature or by education. The first page—almost the first sentence—shows him to be a man of reading and of breeding. He is never ill-tempered, never does he commit the slightest offence against good taste; and if his statements of the rights and the wrongs of the English peasantry are not always characterized by the most level-headed political judgment, at least it may be said of them that they err not overmuch, and always on the side of charity. Yet with all its moderation, the book will prove a genuine surprise to most American readers who have imagined an English Arcady made up from the descriptions of Herrick and Addison and Irv-

ing and Hawthorne, in which all is trim lawns and grey manors and red-tiled farmhouses, and gypsies, and fox-hunters and sturdy yeomen. Here they will learn of English country life as it is to-day; of high farming by 'gentlemen farmers,' who have made their money in trade and are slowly but inevitably losing it in agriculture; of miles of cultivated ground without a fence, or the least sign of anything wild; of the extinction of commons, the impoverishment of the villages; of the hopeless decay of the never very intelligent or very manly Anglo-Saxon peasantry.

Regretting all this, perhaps unduly—for he sometimes uses terms, in speaking of the evil influence of town on country, almost as passionate as Tolstoi's,—the writer seems not to perceive where the evil is rooted. He fancies, apparently, that it is only the misapplication of the wealth drawn to England from all the corners of the earth, that is to be blamed—that if more of it could be turned to mollicoddling his Arcadians with out-door relief for the aged and music-masters for the young, all might yet be well. Like many good and conscientious Churchmen, he thinks that the application of money through channels provided by the Church is the great social panacea, forgetting that he acquired his influence over his rustics when he was, as regards money, nearly on a level with them. This must be taken into account if the book is to be as profitable to the reader as it should be. But one cannot help but derive profit from the author's observations on the men and manners about him, and pleasure from his easy and unaffected style. Scattered through these essays are pen-portraits delightfully drawn, from the college magnate who would not wear buttoned collars, knowing the virtue of tape, to the pig-jobber who was angry because his letters were addressed 'Mister Brown' instead of '— Brown, Esq.' And there are pleasing bits of description of scenery—such scenery as is to be met with in a country that is all one market-garden or big cornfield.

Howells's "Modern Italian Poets." *

IN THESE polished pages—as 'polished' as one of Tennyson's poetic 'finger-tips'—we have the accomplished portrayer of feminine logic off on a side hunt, indulging in a literary freak, showing himself 'solid' with a class of readers who had given him up as hopelessly flippant: the true traveller making (this time) excursions into the realms of poetic imagination entirely worth following. Beginning his career with delightful 'days' in Italy, Mr. Howells returns in his mellow mid-age to the object of his early love and lovely delineation—Italy, that dream of poets and poetry of dreams. Entering the enchanted gates as pilgrim journeyman, he spun out of his recollections and experiences filaments of travel as many-colored as Venetian glass: the lagoons of Venice shimmered in his early prose; the light and air of Tuscany got entangled with his affections, and were given forth again in books that revelled inside and out in blue-and-gold. Then followed an interregnum of tales, in which the author swam on a greater lagoon to a larger Venice: that larger Sea of Life in which we are all plunged, surrounded by its infinite whirl and hum. In this mighty sea *das ewig Weibliche* was what attracted him most: the piquant feminine element, with all its whimsies and caprices, its wedding journeys and 'April hopes,' its 'chance acquaintances' and merry incongruities. The St. Lawrence and the Atlantic became forever memorable, woven in, in charming bits of drapery, as part of his great feminine show and womanly menagerie. Then came the arm-chair, imperial and imperious, of magazine editor, whence emanated in suave tones despotism *dicta* on realism, on romance, on international criticism and literary ethics—often melodiously inhuman utterances full of a dainty caprice as feminine as the best of his own women.

At the end of the rainbow hangs the bag of gold, this time a portfolio of delightful studies among the Italian

* Arcady: for Better, for Worse. By Augustus H. Jessopp. \$1.75. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* Modern Italian Poets: Essays and Verses. By W. D. Howells. With Portraits. \$2. New York: Harper & Bros.

poets during the hundred years from 1770 to 1870: mousings, as well as musings, in a golden granary full to the brim with good things. Nobody would, from these essays, class Mr. Howells with a De Sanctis, a Cantù, an Emiliano-Giudici or an Arnaud—those authorities on Modern Italian literature in this age; but we venture to say that none of these acute and penetrating critics surpass the American in true insight, in polished irony, in effective and yet graceful treatment of his theme, in that light and indescribable touch that lifts you over a whole sea of froth and foam and fixes your eye, not on the froth and foam, but on the solid objects, the true heart and soul of the theme. Thus, in the skilful introductory essay on the Arcadian poets and the absurd Watteau-like band of Italian shepherds and shepherdesses of the last century who thought themselves poets but were not,—in this opening flash of a revolving mirror we are made to see in unmistakable outlines the phosphorescent rottenness, the highly illuminated flippancy, the brilliant triviality that trifled away the literary soul of Italy and prepared the way for the revolution that followed: Italy a mere sink-hole wherein a few fire-flies sparkled. Then the chapter on Parini shows with admirable distinctness what the Austrians had brought Italy to: another sink-hole and cess-pool of flatterers and flatteries. Following on this came the great and noble outburst of Manzoni, the Walter Scott of Italy; the time of the noble literary exiles like Foscolo, Berchet, Rossetti, and Silvio Pellico. One fine chapter kneads and moulds an outline of Alfieri as if in sculpture—a Greek born out of his time, with a streak of Pompejan color, like a bar sinister, across his soul. Next come Grassi, Carrer, the great tragic writer Niccolini whose superb 'Arnaldo da Brescia' is analyzed at length: and that pessimist who ought to have worn petticoats, Leopardi, whose poetry distils spiritual *cinchona* and is the quintessence and quickened soul of bitterness. Sad, lovely poetry streamed from his lips: a human Marah whose bitter waters have no tonic for the drinker. Then Giusti, the satirist, full of pointed witticism and tender pathos, followed by Dall' Ongaro, Prati, Aleardi, Carcano, Fusinato and Mercantini: a collection of rare spirits who have sung Italy again into the circles of swallow and nightingale, and filled the century with rhyme and music. All the studies are encrusted with translations, some felicitous and strong, others rough and free; and one may gather from them the nature of the singers. It was a school of patriotic aspiration and expression that came to life in these men; a school that flowered and fruited out of the degradation of Italy; a school that longed for freedom, unity, nationality. Having accomplished its purpose and lived to see Italy de-Austrianized, rid of Gaul and German and Pope, a concentrated kingdom from toe-tip of azure Mediterranean to white crown of Alpine snows, the school died with the need that created it; and for the rest, the Italians write realistic novels, as the French do, the Russians, the Spaniards,—as every people do who have any literary life in them. In Italy, as elsewhere, realism is the ultimatum of romanticism.

"Pen-Portraits of Literary Women."*

IN THESE interesting volumes Miss Helen Gray Cone has given a series of short biographical sketches of a number of literary women, with selections from the most pertinent things, biographical and critical, which have been said of them. The editors have followed the example of Edward T. Mason's 'Personal Traits of British Authors;' but they have given a wider range to their selections, and the brief introductory biographies are not a feature of the earlier work. These mosaics, for such they may be called, furnish a better idea of the author presented to our consideration than could readily be given in the same space by a distinctly original sketch, because they give the most interesting and sugges-

tive words of description and interpretation that have been written by many persons. In this case the selections have been wisely made. We could have wished that several other women authors had been admitted—Mrs. Barbauld, Mary Somerville, Lady Morgan, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Jameson, the Hon. Caroline Norton, Mrs. Gaskell and Sara Coleridge, for instance. We are surprised not to find Mrs. Jameson, for there have been few women of so much ability or so interesting an experience. The name of Mrs. Gaskell ought also to have appeared, partly because no biography of that interesting woman has ever been published. Though we should have been glad to have more in these volumes, or another added to them, yet we are grateful for the good work which has been done for us in their preparation. The first volume includes sketches of Hannah More, Frances Burney, Mary Wolstonecraft Godwin, Mary Shelley, Mary Lamb, Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen, Joanna Baillie, Lady Blessington and Mary Russell Mitford. The second introduces us to Harriet Martineau, George Sand, Mrs. Browning, Margaret Fuller, Charlotte and Emily Brontë and George Eliot.

An illustration of the compilers' method may be had by considering the essay on Harriet Martineau. It begins with seven pages of brief biography, giving all the leading facts and dates in her life. This is followed by selections from her 'Autobiography,' Mrs. Chapman's 'Memorials' and Mrs. Miller's biography in the Famous Women Series. These selections are supplemented by anecdotes, interviews and criticisms from Thomas Carlyle, Jane Carlyle, Hawthorne, Frances Kemble, James Payn, Mrs. Browning, Macready, Mrs. Hawthorne, Florence Nightingale, S. C. Hall, George Eliot, Caroline Fox, Charlotte Brontë, Moncure D. Conway, and two or three others less well-known. From some of these persons, several selections are made; and they are so arranged as to give a fairly continuous and harmonious view of this great woman, who possessed perhaps the largest intellect which has yet appeared among women. The advantage of these essays in mosaic is, that they present the author on all sides, and give the impression which she made on all kinds of persons. So far as we have been able to determine, these volumes present the best things which have been said about the women whose lives are sketched. It was impossible to include all that has been wisely written of such women as George Eliot and Harriet Martineau; and now and then a pertinent paragraph has been missed, or an anecdote omitted that is too good to be skipped; but this does not happen often. The sketch of Joanna Baillie—a woman once so popular, but now almost forgotten—might well have included Scott's account of her in 'Marmion,' and his comparison of her to Shakespeare, which she is said to have read to a party of friends without betraying the slightest emotion until her listeners had done so. They might have quoted Miss Mitford's praise, as well as Scott's word to Lockhart: 'If you wish to speak of a real poet, Joanna Baillie is now the highest genius of our country.' Certainly they ought not to have left out Lord Byron's saying, that women cannot write tragedy, with the exception of Joanna Baillie. To the student of English literature these volumes will be found helpful, and especially so to all those who may wish to study the individual writers to whom they are devoted. We think it well that the wisest and brightest of the English women-of-letters should thus be brought together, side by side, in order that we may more fully realize the important service which women have rendered to English literature. It is only by massing their names in some such way as this, that the reading public is made aware of how much and how important work they have accomplished.

K. H., OF BURLINGTON, Vt., writes to us to complain of *The Spectator's* use of the expression 'horsey vulgarity' in criticising an American magazine. 'I have never seen the adjective "horsey" used by an American writer,' she says. 'Comment upon the vulgarity of the word is unnecessary.'

* Pen-Portraits of Literary Women, by Themselves and Others. Edited by Helen Gray Cone and Jeannette Leonard Gilder. With biographical sketches by the former. 2 vols. \$3. New York: Cassell & Co.

Dr. Van Dyke's "Story of the Psalms."*

THE felicitous style which at once puts the reader in comfortable enjoyment of this book, is the result of fine literary culture applied to the making of sermons. The pastor of 'the Brick Church' in Fifth Avenue has shown himself a loving and wise reader of the poets and best English essayists, and his own thoughts in print are clothed in choice language. While his stories of the Psalms are undoubtedly sermons, and were, we judge, originally delivered as such, they do not read like homilies. Beautifully and impressively the author brings out the truth that the Hebrew lyrics are, above all, the expressions of human experience. Since the one unchanging conservative, through all the ages, is the human heart, these imperishable photographs of the joys, sorrows, struggles and aspirations of the old saints, will ever interest humanity. Their story can be retold in every age, by one who knows how best to illuminate it and make it real. The author of the present volume not only develops the meaning of the Hebrew originals, but shows their power over the souls of men who have lived since their authors wrote. Easily familiar with the best exegetes and expositors, withal not afraid to make rational and grateful use of the 'higher,' and even the highest, 'criticism'—especially the highest in ability, modesty and honesty,—Dr. Van Dyke's book has a noticeable value apart from its charm of style. Such renderings as 'He gives to His beloved in sleep,' with the comments and explanation, help to place the book among the standard works of our generation. Messrs. Scribner have put this literary and devotional treasure in an attractive vessel. In other words, it is a handsome as well as a valuable book.

"The Making of the Great West."†

MR. SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE continues the good work that he began in 'The Making of New England' in a volume of the same scope and aim, 'The Making of the Great West,' which deserves the same hearty praise that was accorded to his earlier production. He tells briefly what was done by the Spaniards, the French, and the English, in the lines of discovery, conquest and settlement in the region west of the Mississippi; and what was done later in the same lines by the American people. The result is a book very interesting in itself, and very useful for handy reference. Structurally, it would be improved by placing the notes, now at the ends of the chapters, at the bottoms of the pages to which they refer; and in many instances the note might very well be incorporated into the text.

It is a little trying to find currency once more given to the story that Cortés 'set fire to his ships' (page 7). This statement shows that in the Spanish portion of his history, at least, Mr. Drake has not taken his authorities at first hand. In the Second Letter—after telling of the mutinous and coward condition of his men—Cortés distinctly declares: "Under color of the assertion that the ships no longer were seaworthy, I beached them" ('los eché á la costa'). Bernal Diaz (Cap. LVIII.) writes: 'We, his friends, counselled him that he should not leave any vessels in the port, but that he should run them all ashore' ('sino que luego diese al través con todos'). Finally, one of the charges preferred against Cortés was: 'He ordered to be sunk nine very good ships, which he brought with the aforesaid fleet from the aforesaid island of Fernandino, which fleet was given him by the aforesaid Diego Velazquez; the which aforesaid ships were sunken' ('Mando hechar á fondo nueva navíos muy buenos que truxo con la dicha armada dende la dicha isla Fernandina que le dió el dicho Diego Velazquez; los quales dichos navíos fueron hecados á fondo'). Notwithstanding this absolute proof that Cortés either beached or scuttled his ships, the story that he burnt them is believed. Probably a Mexican

writer of the Sixteenth Century, Juan Suarez de Peralta, in his 'Noticias Historicas de la Nueva España,' was the first to give this story currency. Let us hope that Mr. Drake will be the last.

Ancient Nahuatl Poetry.*

MUCH has been done of late years to increase and to reduce to system the mass of knowledge concerning the religions, methods of war, systems of agriculture, architectural attainments, and personal habits of the primitive inhabitants of America. Dr. Brinton has undertaken the useful task of enlarging this field of study by making the objects of it assist in its development. In his Library of Aboriginal American Literature he has presented a series of works composed by the natives themselves in their own respective languages; and with these has given English translations and explanatory notes. By this method the aborigines are their own expositors, revealing unconsciously certain inner phases of their character which no amount of external study could have disclosed. To say nothing of the philological interest of these publications, the practical value of such information in aiding the student to obtain a true conception of the animating thoughts and moral attitudes of the primitive races, and thus to secure some sort of a trustworthy standard by which to qualify and correct theories deduced from external facts only, is sufficiently obvious.

The latest addition to this valuable series is a collection of twenty-seven poems in the Nahuatl language, with a parallel translation into English; notes; a vocabulary; and an introduction—this last rather closely paralleling in some of its parts the introduction of M. le Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg to his 'Rabinal Achi' ('Grammaire de la Langue Quiché,' Paris, 1862). Anticipating the criticism of Mexican scholars, that no Nahuatl poetry has survived from a time anterior to the Spanish conquest of Mexico, Dr. Brinton admits that the manuscript collection 'in the library of the University of Mexico' (he should have said in the Mexican National Library), from which the songs which he translates were copied by Brasseur de Bourbourg, is a composite work of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. The songs themselves, however, he regards, with a few exceptions, as having come down by oral tradition from before the conquest. In this supposition he very possibly is right; and at least it is a reasonable belief that these songs preserve or represent the feeling, method of treatment, and general class of subjects of the primitive verse; as well as the mental attitude and moral standards of the primitive verse-makers. And even supposing them to be as modern as the ancient pottery sold of a Sunday in the *portales* in the City of Mexico, it still is a reasonable belief that they conform more or less exactly—as the pottery does—to authentic ancient types.

It is fair enough, therefore, to accept these songs as embodiments of the higher, abstract culture of the Aztec race; and this view may be entertained the more readily because the legitimate deductions from the songs tend to confirm the estimate of that race which Mr. A. F. Bandelier has arrived at after a long course of exceedingly careful and acute archæological research. The verses, as Dr. Brinton renders them, show—as clearly as does Mr. Bandelier's study of Aztec house-life, architecture, and methods of war and of agriculture—that the people found in possession of Mexico by the Spaniards, while exhibiting certain traits of refinement incident to the transition period between barbarism and civilization, still essentially were savages. In the softer songs—of flowers and music and such tender things—there is a barbaric flavor to be perceived in the occasional roughness of thought and incongruity of expression; in the songs of sadness there is the feeling—but by no means the poetic fervor—of the lamentations of Jeremiah; in the

* The Story of the Psalms. By Henry J. Vandyke, Jr., D.D. \$1.50. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

† The Making of the Great West: 1512-1883. By Samuel Adams Drake. \$1.75. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* Brinton's Library of Aboriginal American Literature. No. VII. Ancient Nahuatl Poetry. With a Translation, Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary. By Daniel G. Brinton. \$3. Philadelphia: D. G. Brinton.

songs of war there is a strength, a ring, an earnestness, that proves the dominance of the savage passion for fighting for its own sake. In short, the subject matter and mode of treatment of the songs in this collection are precisely in keeping with the intellectual and moral standing of a people only just emerging from nomadism, by whom the mechanic arts were practised simply by rule of thumb, and upon whom but glimmering notions of abstract science had dawned. It is but fair to add that these deductions are not made by Dr. Brinton. He contents himself with presenting the facts as he finds them; and so leaves them to speak for themselves.

Recent Fiction.

IN 'THE GATES BETWEEN' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Miss Phelps somewhat curiously reverses the process which made her 'Gates Ajar' so novel and so interesting. In the latter she materialized heaven, assuring us it was much like another earth, even in the matter of pianos and hot gingerbread. In the former she now shows us how truly heaven is a spiritual condition; or at least the ability to enter heaven, if not heaven itself. Her book is a brief elaboration of Lowell's verses,

Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Or one might speak of it as reversing those other verses,

And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love,

so as to mean,

He must seem worthy of your love,
Ere you can love him.

Her hero is an unbeliever, who, after sudden death by accident, finds himself in a purgatory which is simply inability to enter heaven, not because there isn't any heaven, or because the Lord shuts him out, but simply because he never had wanted to go to heaven. For a long time he does not understand that he is dead, and wanders frantically about in the atmosphere of earth without being able to do anything on earth, or to make his feelings, or even his presence, known. Said Frederick the Great, 'Let those persons who make for themselves a cruel and barbarous God, be eternally damned as they desire and deserve, and let the persons who conceive God as good and merciful enjoy the plenitude of his mercy.' This is practically Miss Phelps's point of view: her hero could not go to heaven till he wanted to go. The Lord would not appear before him in his majesty and confound him with the truth; he simply should not see the Lord at all, till, led by his little child, he longed to see him. Or, as Pascal puts it, 'the things that belong to men must be understood in order to be loved; the things that belong to God must be loved in order to be understood.' Miss Phelps has a very strong and fine spiritual problem here, in showing that in heaven, as on earth, in spite of heredity, of environment, of circumstance, we are chiefly what we elect to be. It is a pity that she allows her only literary defect, a tendency to over-sentimental imaginative diction, to injure the general effect of her work.

IN 'FOOLS OF NATURE,' by Alice Brown (Ticknor & Co.), is traced the development of a dull, honest youth, haunted by an inexplicable apparition, into a 'medium,' shaped by the manipulation of a professional spiritualistic humbug. Leonard's grief over his first conscious falsehood—a loving lie wrung from him by the dying appeal of his benefactor Uncle Ben, who longs for a word from his lost daughter—is followed by a terrible shock: the scornful disclosure, by his teacher and tempter, that for years, although innocently, he has 'lied every day and all day—and been paid for his lies.' He wakes to find that the very wings of his feeble soul have been bound in a web of falsehood, and horror of his own deceit drives him to suicide. This climax is most powerfully conceived; the character of Leonard, however, strikes us as rather superficially drawn. Immense possibilities lay therein for one capable of more subtle analysis. The portion of the story dealing with spiritualism is written in a plain, vigorous style, the author seeming so spurred on by earnest purpose as to be impatient of detail. More elaborate treatment is given to the experience of the heroine, who, in transient weakness, permits one of Leonard's hazy oracles to influence her at a moral crisis. Atoning by subsequent suffering for this temporary surrender of the conduct of her life to so precarious a guidance, she is led to the conclusion that spiritualism, even 'if it be a fact,' is 'unfit to influence our moral relations,' to 'meddle with our sacred lives,' in which conclusion appears to lie the central thought of this sincere and wholesome book. Very pleasing, though at times exaggerated in its simplicity, is the portrait of the old farmer, with his bits of gentle wisdom, his child-like trust in

the great idea, his 'soliloquizing reflections' on the other life, not intended to convince; 'he seemed to be holding the shell to his own ear, smiling to himself at its song of eternity.' A foil to the bewildered honesty of poor stupid Leonard is well supplied in the person of the lachrymose little fraud Linora, who derives perpetual delight from the imposition of her fictitious woes on sympathetic strangers.

'A PRINCESS OF JAVA,' by S. J. Higginson (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is well worth reading for the sake of the tropical and Oriental background of the story. The plot is not very intricate, or at all unusual, being found in hundreds of novels. It is the romance of fair and lovely youth betrothed by law and custom to age and ugliness. Evasion and escape are followed by moving adventures amid wild nature, where the young lover soon appears, and two marriages ultimately occur. The story is sufficient in itself to compel attention, but the opulent and accurate knowledge of life in Java enables the author to string on the thread of plot many jewels of description. The accounts of Javanese social life, the harems and households, the wonders of the strange scenery, the terrors of the Upas and the poison valley, seem photographed from life. The characters portrayed are both European and Javan, but the attractions for the reader are less in the analysis or description of persons than in the delineation of life and nature in the archipelago of spices.

IT IS A pleasure to record that Miss Phelps's impressive story of 'Jack the Fisherman' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is to be had in a tiny volume by itself, with better illustrations than those which disfigured her 'Madonna of the Tubs.' We say a pleasure, because, although the story is a painful one, we are all constituted very much like the little girl who cried over a book, but remonstrated when her mother proposed putting it away: 'O no, mamma! please don't take it away; I like to have it make me cry.' Miss Phelps's work is always worthy of attention; 'she is one of our American successes,' some one said of her recently, with simple but effective eloquence. Others come forward with a glowing burst of reputation for some single effort, but fail to outstrip Miss Phelps in the long run. She is a noble writer, who needs but to deny herself too much indulgence in picturesque adjectives and luxurious description. If 'Jack' is perfect, it is because in such a field Miss Phelps is cut off from the possibility of sentimental luxury, and has the wisdom to deny herself the luxury of sentimental pathos, preferring to give us the cruel facts as cruellest in not leaving their victim in the least attractive. Jack is the son of a drunkard, and heredity and environment and circumstances have their way with him. Miss Phelps disguises nothing of the brutality which is the natural result of such heredity and fate. We grieve, not because poor Jack is such a lovely little fellow, suffering from unjust surroundings; but because he is a horrid little fellow, made horrid by his surroundings, and developing naturally into the vagabond and ruffian of maturer life. The story is a study of low life, the writer's point of view being that the worst phase of poverty is not suffering, but vice.

'A SPECULATOR IN PETTICOATS,' translated from the French of Hector Malot by Mary Neal Sherwood (Peterson Bros.), belongs to the class of literature to be described as Frenchy rather than French. It purports to be the history of a woman's speculations on the Bourse; but, as in most French stories of its kind, this is merely an excuse for dealing with the manner in which the woman retrieved her losses by a mode of life which few of our readers will care to investigate. It is possible to fancy in Zola's 'Nana' a moral effort, and a great moral certainly underlies the unpleasant story; but it is impossible to find in 'A Speculator in Petticoats' anything but a depraved taste that riots in immorality. A young man is led by his love for a married woman to commit a crime to furnish her with money. In the scene preceding the crime, he entreats his father, in his dead mother's name, to lend him the money, while frankly avowing what he wants it for.—'GURNET'S GARDEN,' by Mrs. Mary R. Baldwin (Phillips & Hunt), is a very prettily told story of a lady who had a beautiful charitable mission thrust upon her by moving into a place occupied by a good woman before her, whose mantle the neighborhood evidently expected to descend with the habitation. Bound with it is the story of 'The New Boy at Southcott,' also a healthful little tale; the only fault to be found with either story being that it hardly makes allowance enough for the frailties of human nature.—THE reading world knows about what to expect from the author of 'The House on the Marsh,' but it will find 'Scheherezade' (Appleton & Co.) a little poorer than usual. It is, of course, a sensational story; but it is also an extremely flimsy one. Mesmeric influence has been run into the ground lately as a sauce for poor fiction, and the Oriental devices

for spicing this English story are not sufficient to create an interest in it.

'**BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE**,' by G. A. Henty (Chas. Scribner's Sons), is a picturesque historical story 'of Fontenoy and Culloden.' The subject is full of charm for the novelist, and can easily be made entertaining; the important part in a book for young readers being to know the author's point of view. Mr. Henty appreciates all the fascination in the story of the young Pretender who had such a rare gift of winning hearts to himself and to his party, and he has a great admiration for the noble and loyal men who espoused the Stuart cause; but he recognizes the stern fact that the defeat of the Pretender was undoubtedly a blessing to the English nation. —'**LOVE AND THEOLOGY**,' by Celia Parker Woolley (Ticknor & Co.), was praised so highly in advance, that the result disappoints. The book does not present any new problems; it is simply the story of a radical young lady who eventually joined her husband's church, and a very theological young lady who eventually married a radical. The situations are a good deal strained, and the novel reads as if written many years ago, when such situations were more probable than now. —'**WE CAN HARDLY** say more of 'Señora Villena and Gray,' by the author of 'Real People' (White, Stokes & Allen), than that we should suppose it to have been written by an insane person. We have struggled with it patiently and impatiently; but what it means, what it is for, how it is supposed to entertain or instruct, we are at a loss to imagine. We will not say that it is poor; all we can say is that we could make nothing out of it—not even a poor story.

'**THORN-APPLES**,' by Emily Huntington Miller (Phillips & Hunt), is a story of Colorado, though without very striking local color. Ruby, the heroine, is an Eastern girl who goes West to make her home with an uncle, and her adventures and reflections are those of an amiable young creature who has read a good deal of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, and who likes to simulate, if we may coin a much-needed word, on all that befalls her. The moral of the whole story is that 'the Lord wants thorn-apples as well as pippins,' and that you must not be disappointed if He seems to have portioned out to you a somewhat narrow life-mission. —'**AGLAJA**,' by Rud. Puchner (Milwaukee: C. N. Caspar), is the love-story of Aglaja and Fabricius, told in German verse. The rhythm is smooth and musical, and the ending tragic; but the realistic world just at present is barely tolerant of even the best narrative poetry, not really great. —'**A VILLAGE MAID**,' by Helen Hayes (Thos. Whittaker), is the story of two sisters, and how they bore themselves in reduced circumstances. Sensational incident is added, towards the close, to a mildly-flavored tale relating how different temperaments were affected by the same surroundings. —'**MADELON LEMOINE**,' by Mrs. Leith Adams (J. B. Lippincott Co.), is a story of much sweetness and pathos, but it would have gained in impressiveness if it had been shorter.

'**UNCLE RUTHERFORD'S ATTIC**,' by Joanna H. Mathews (Friedrick A. Stokes), is more sensational than would be supposed from the simple title. A highly excitable romance, with shipwrecks, foundlings, robberies in high and low life, and other striking episodes, hinges merely on the finding of an old board in the 'attic,' which suggests the story of a wreck and all that resulted from it. —'**ESTHER**,' by Rosa Nouchette Carey (J. B. Lippincott Co.), is a pleasantly-written story for girls. In the case of two sisters, both of them earnest and intense in their desire to be helpful to others, especially in the stress of considerable personal anxiety as to the fortunes of their own family, the excellent moral is enforced that the one who looked nearest to her for duties, accomplished the most for all. —'**GORDON STABLES**, well-known as a writer for boys, gives them a very spirited and entertaining sea-story, called 'On Special Service' (Armstrong & Son). There is plenty of incident, but no unhealthful sensationalism in it. —'**LITTLE** more can be said of Miss Peard's 'Madame's Granddaughter' (Franklin Square Library) than that it is one more story. —'**ISH-MAEL**' (Peterson Bros.) is by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Further comment is probably unnecessary.

Some Minor Theological Books.

MESSRS. FUNK & WAGNALLS have done well to award the honors of book form to Dr. Franz Delitzsch's monograph, 'A Day in Capernaum.' Though it has been already printed in several magazines and newspapers, the text is well worthy of permanency between covers, and of standing upright on a library shelf. It is a vivid picture of one day in the Saviour's life in Galilee, helpful alike to artist or ordinary reader, and enabling those who enjoy the pleasures of imagination to paint on their own minds a picture of

one day of the beautiful life. 'The Sweet Galilean Vision,' in Renan's romancing, is decidedly Frenchy; but this word-picture of the German professor is less suggestive of nationality. Were it anonymous, one might locate the writer in England or America. The present translation is from the pen of the Rev. George H. Schodde, who has wisely incorporated most of the author's notes into the text. We, like him, think it a 'magnificent little book,' this brochure of the 'myriad-minded Leipzig professor.' —IN 'PULPIT TREES and Homiletic Undergrowth,' the Rev. Thomas Kelly, of Philadelphia, has gathered together some of his best sermons, and sermon-plans. His reputation for this kind of work was first made in *The Homiletic Monthly*, the publishers of which (Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls) have here set their imprint on a well-printed, well-arranged, and well-bound book. We confess to a certain 'high-mindedness of contempt' for this kind of literature. Yet, as a well-built canal-bridge may be crossed by men and horses, as well as by donkeys and mules, so hard-worked ministers may make honest and helpful use of the portfolio furnished by Mr. Kelly. The texts are dissected with cleverness, and the matter of the sermons is good. With an alert mind, and practised pen, Mr. Kelly blends a refreshing honesty that shows itself in occasional foot-notes revealing the quarry whence his elaborated material was taken. Of the nineteen sermons, 'Spiritual Telegraphy,' 'Allegorical Timekeepers' and 'God's Firemen,' have suggestive titles, and are among the best. There are twenty-five sketches of sermons, or specimens of 'undergrowth.' To those who like this kind of work, we commend this book as among the best of its kind.

THE 'Essays and Addresses' of the Rev. James M. Wilson, a Fellow of Cambridge University and Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of London, contain his 'attempts to treat some religious questions in a scientific spirit.' He is one of that increasing company of pastors and Christian teachers who believe that the new faith can live with the old. He accepts the general conclusions of modern science, and shows what in the ground of Christianity is 'made land' and what solid rock. He is a reconciler of the old and the new, and his spirit is irenic. His method is not by controversy and attack upon the same level, but rather by leading his readers to loftier surveys and wider horizons. He discusses such timely themes as 'Morality in Public Schools, and its Relation to Religion,' 'The Need of Giving Higher Biblical Teaching and Instruction in the Fundamental Questions of Religion and Christianity,' 'The Theory of Inspiration: Why Men do not Believe the Bible,' 'Church Authority: Its Meaning and Value,' and 'Evolution.' We have enjoyed reading these sermons: first, because they are like fresh, juicy meat—full of stimulus and sustenance; second, because they are unhackneyed and do not smell of the pulpit lamp; third, because they are full of sympathy with men born since the Reformation; fourth, because they are set forth in good literary style and the English of a scholar. We are not surprised to learn that before he held the Presidency of Clifton College, the author was famed as a mathematician and advocate of science-teaching in the public schools of England. Such volumes of sermons will always sell outside the parish, and be read by others than personal admirers. The excellent print of Macmillan & Co. adds mechanical to literary attractiveness.

WE DO NOT find the name of the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon among the names which Dr. Schaff has seen fit to include in his 'Dictionary of Living Divines.' He has, however, won a pair of spurs in his 'Sermons Preached to the Harrow Boys, in the years 1885 and 1886.' (Funk & Wagnalls.) Mr. Welldon is Head-Master of that famous English public school, and modestly, in his Preface, says he does 'not expect or wish them to be read beyond the limits of the Harrow world.' Yet, in addition to the local element, which ought to be in all such writings, we find in the twenty sermons strong indications of those sterling qualities necessary to the successful preacher to boys. Such homilies as 'Individuality,' 'The Future and the Past,' 'The Religious Value of Small Duties,' 'The Blessing of Failure,' 'The Uses of the Holidays,' deserve not only preservation in print, but will help a circle of readers even beyond sea. The treatment of the brute creation as set forth in 'The Animal World,' based on the concluding words of the book of Jonah, 'and also much cattle,' is profoundly suggestive. —IN 'SOME ASPECTS of the Blessed Life,' Mark Guy Pearse has endeavored to unfold the meaning of those portions of Scripture which contain and open the secret of spiritual happiness. The twelve chapters are simple, unpretentious comments upon Scripture passages, mixed with direct and tender personal application. The blessed life begins in meditation, and advances through forgiveness and communion to consecration and transformation, ending in love and rest. It is a good book for the sick room. It may help also those who think they have not failed in life. (Phillips & Hunt.) —CHRISTIAN

UNITY in its Relation to Christendom and the Church' is a sermon preached by the Rev. Clarence Buel (James Pott & Co.), in which he presents the Episcopal Church as the only means of harmonizing the various Christian bodies. It is well-written, but not convincing to those not already of the same way of thinking.

'TIS AN ILL WIND that blows nobody good.' The unhappy eschatological controversies supposed to have been settled at Springfield, but which may yet imperil the existence of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, is good for the printers. They and the ink manufacturers enjoy it. Happy as plumbers during zero nights, they rub their hands with glee, while the religious newspapers pack their columns with advertisements of books relating to things which, in detail at least, nobody can possibly know anything about. Amid the mass of sermon- and essay-production, it is good to find a volume so calm, scholarly, strong and modest as that of the venerable J. A. Spencer, best known perhaps as the Professor of Greek, for a decade, in the College of the City of New York. The title of his little volume of less than 200 pages is 'Five Last Things: Death, Hades, Resurrection, Judgment, and Eternity.' Containing nothing novel or 'original,' the sermons state concisely what the general consensus of Christian scholars affirms concerning death and the world that is not this world. Dr. Spencer takes what is called the orthodox view of eternal punishment, believes in 'prayers for the blessed dead,' and in general endeavors to adhere closely to the plain natural sense of the Scriptures. His book has a preface, poetical quotations, abundant notes to sources of information, appendices, and an index. Even when not agreeing with the author, the reader will be impressed with his candor and clearness. (Whittaker.)

'THE FAITH That makes Faithful' is the title of a little square vellum-paper covered pamphlet of a hundred or more pages. It is a dangerous book for a busy book-reviewer. Expecting to taste only, we chewed, swallowed, and have digested, we hope, the entire contents. Eight homiletic talks on texts taken from out the Bible, and anywhere else, are packed with thought and feeling of ripest and richest substance. William C. Gannett and Jenkins Lloyd Jones are the homilists, and Charles H. Kerr & Co., of Chicago, who print the delightful Unity Club Leaflets, give their *imprimatur* to the white-covered sermon-case. 'Blessed be Drudgery,' 'Faithfulness,' 'I Had a Friend,' 'Tenderness,' 'A Cup of Cold Water,' 'The Seamless Robe,' 'Wrestling and Blessing' and 'The Divine Benediction' form the octave, from which much sweet melody of language and sentiment, and harmony of ideas from depths and heights out of the commonplace level, are evoked. Saving here and there the inevitable dead-fly of sectarianism, which in this case is of the 'liberal' sort, these gems of discourse will help all Christians and reading humanity at large. —FOUR SERMONS preached in Music Hall, Chicago, by Jenkins Lloyd Jones, have been cased in 'boards' by the same publishers. We know not whether Mr. Jones is 'reverend' according to title, but he is to be revered as a teacher of manly, tender, sober religion. His themes are well-chosen, and honestly and calmly thought out, and the product is set in excellent literary form. 'The Claims of the Children' is the strong meat of Christ's gospel, though whether it be orthodox or fashionable, we cannot tell. 'The Economics of Religion,' 'Bread versus Ideas,' and 'Present Sanctities,' are the titles of other sermons full of practical truth earnestly and reverently applied.

WE CANNOT but consider the book entitled 'Letters from Heaven' a 'pious fraud.' It is meant doubtless as a comforter, and also as a contrast to the volume by the late Pastor Thisted, which had a preface by Dr. George MacDonald, and the title 'Letters from Hell.' In the present case, the anonymous author has not even the support of an introductory note, or the date of issue. Besides the name of the publishers, Funk & Wagnalls, we read only 'Translated from the Fourth German Edition,' and below this the words 'Second Edition.' The text, consisting of thirty-six chapters and 270 pages, is mostly of a homiletical and exhortatory, though partly descriptive, nature. A German clergyman's widow has died, and from her new state of existence is supposed to write to her children left behind on earth. Admirable as a specimen of *lucus a non lucendo*, we get pitifully little of insight or vivid description of Heaven, but long and tedious platitudes beaten out of sermon-matter. The author has done a clumsy piece of work, in purporting that these epistles are from a woman. In earthly matters women are the best letter-writers, and those we get from our friends and acquaintances are full of picturesqueness, and lively detail, such as we do not find in these rather wooden productions. Perhaps the author meant to hint that in heaven women become as stupid and pragmatic letter writers as men usually are. Nevertheless this book will have its public.

Minor Notices.

WE HAVE TAKEN the trouble to compare Miss Hapgood's new translation of 'Les Misérables' with the new French edition issued by Mr. Wm. R. Jenkins, and find the translation on the whole excellent. We miss the remarkable preface prefixed to the French edition, but as a *quid pro quo* we find numerous full-page illustrations. The English of the new version is vigorous and good, though Miss Hapgood has a use of *which* (in such expressions as 'a head *which* thinks,' 'a heart *which* feels,' for 'a head *that*,' etc.) that we consider objectionable. Victor Hugo's great epic of misery is exceedingly hard to translate: its vocabulary is unique no less than immense: its sentence-structure abounds in mysteries and delicacies, in transitions and vaguenesses. He who would catch his spirit must live deep into him—penetrate, assimilate, appreciate. That Miss Hapgood has the courage to do so shows her admirable resolution. Hugo is knottier than Tolstoi. —A PRETTY binding is not proof positive of good contents. Mr. Henry Frith's brief biography of 'The Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury' (Cassell & Co.), in the World's Workers Series, is very nicely clothed in drab, red and black, with an artistic design of a lamp and other pleasing decorations. There was a place for a concise memoir like this, prepared for readers conservatively afraid to tackle Mr. Edwin Hodder's swollen octavos on the same subject (see THE CRITIC of March 26, 1887). But Mr. Frith's 128 pages have little merit save brevity, being written in that spirit of indiscriminate eulogy and mild clerical moralizing which is intimately connected with the thought of the 'parish library.'

'GREAT GRANDMOTHER'S GIRLS,' by Lizzie W. Champney (Estes & Lauriat), is the history of little Eunice Williams of Deerfield, who, in the days of yore, had a more thrilling and picturesque life than falls to the lot of the average American girl. The book is the first of an historical series planned by Mrs. Champney, and it deals with the times of the Indian troubles in Western Massachusetts, the cruel march of the captives taken by the French and carried three hundred miles to Canada, the life of the exiles in New France, and finally a trip to France itself, made by the heroine. The story is told in the first person by Submit Dare, which gives an opportunity for relating the history in the quaint phraseology of the period. It is fully and picturesquely illustrated by 'Champ' and others, and is written in a dignified and quiet style that well represents the characteristics of the Puritan maidens who used to wear such names as Submit Dare. —FREDERICK A. STOKES issues 'The Game of Euchre,' by John W. Keller, treating of French, Set-Back, and Progressive Euchre; also a fifth edition of 'Pole on Whist,' which, in addition to the popular rules for scientific play already familiar, gives now, in Appendix B, a consideration of conditions to modify the strictest play, more particularly when playing with a bad partner.

THREE ADDRESSES given before the New York Young Men's Democratic Club by Mr. J. Bleeker Miller (New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.) have been thought worthy of publication, though at first delivered for campaign purposes. They are directed against Henry George and his socialistic tendencies, the answers being presented as those of a property owner, a business man, and a workingman. The arguments are largely drawn from political economy and history, and are presented in an earnest and direct manner. —IN HIS 'Note on Labor Agitations' (Franklin Falls, N. H.) Mr. J. B. Harrison gives a sympathetic interpretation of a social phenomenon of the time, and he does it out of ample experience and observation. His brief discussion of the subject has the merit of being calm and wise and just to both parties. His 'Notes on Industrial Conditions,' another brief pamphlet, has the like merit of impartiality and a large insight into social causes. —MR. GILES B. STEBBINS'S 'Progress and Poverty' (Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.) is a reply to Henry George. In a pointed and ingenious manner the author shows up the inconsistencies and the errors of that reformer, and makes it plain that he has misunderstood the relations of poverty to the progress of the world in our time. The work is a brief one, but it contains much of fact and thought. —THE attempt to satirize socialism in Mrs. Anna Bowman Dodd's 'Republic of the Future; or, Socialism a Reality' (Cassell & Co.) is not very successful. The author has an imperfect understanding of socialism and what it attempts to accomplish, and her satire loses much of its point and force from this fact. —IN PUTNAM'S Questions of the Day Series, Mr. Charles Isham discusses 'The Fishery Question: Its Origin, History, and Present Situation.' It is a carefully written and judicious statement of the whole question, with ample reference to facts and to the literature of the subject.

A DAINY volume is the reproduction in miniature of Mr. Hopkinson Smith's sumptuous folio of last year—"Well-worn Roads of Spain, Holland and Italy." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The text has lost none of its bravery or charm, though all the illustrations of the folio are not in this popular edition. It is a little series of anecdote-like experiences in three countries, possessing singular point and pictorial quality, eye for epigram, and sensibility to the beautiful in feature and scenery. Read aloud, this book flashes many a mental picture on the listener, before whom the vivid description of the artist makes outlines of things worth remembering start up as if alive, endowed with motion, steeped in color. One hardly notices or cares to criticise the abruptness of the transitions from the Alhambra to Cordova, from Cordova to Amsterdam, from Amsterdam to Venice, so perfectly is the local color of each place reproduced, and so complete and skilfully told is the verbal illustration. Whether it is 'A Water-logged Town in Holland,' 'A Summer Day in Venice,' or 'The Church of San Pablo in Seville,' in the ear of each chapter is hung some jewel of a recollection that glitters long after the book is closed. Mr. Smith is a two-handed artist, and it is hard to tell whether to award the palm to his pen or his pencil.

PROF. JAMES BRYCE, who made a solid and brilliant reputation by the publication of 'The Holy Roman Empire,' is now a member of the British Parliament. Like a wise man he learns the art of government by supplementing local knowledge with study and observation of other political systems than the British. His travels in the United States have, in addition to broadening his own views, interested him in American political literature. In the ninth number of the fifth series of Johns Hopkins University Studies, he treats 'The Predictions of Hamilton and De Tocqueville' with keen analytic power and in a fascinating, literary and philosophical style. He believes that past criticism of American institutions is more valuable than any present writing, because the critic of to-day is so apt to read 'into the records of the past the results of all subsequent experience.' This last sentence is a severe indictment upon most historians, and the more it is pondered the more will one's confidence in so-called history be shaken. It reminds us also of Prof. Freeman's celebrated one-volume 'History of Federal Government, from the Foundation of the Achaian League until the Disruption of the United States of America.' Mr. Bryce selects Hamilton and De Tocqueville as typically acute and well informed observers, one native, the other foreign. 'The Ideas and Predictions of 1788,' 'De Tocqueville and His Book,' his 'View of the United States,' his 'Impressions,' are set forth with a masterly grasp of details and philosophic insight into that 'American system' which is usually so much of a mystery to the Briton. Indeed, one can find in this pamphlet a lucid condensation of *The Federalist* and 'Democracy in America.' In a closing paragraph, in speaking of the dangers ahead, the author says, with a modesty remarkable in an Englishman, that these 'are questions fitter to be discussed by Americans than by a European.'

THE 'Classic German Course in English' is another way of saying, 'a Brief History of German Literature,' in which the so-called 'classical' writers alone are considered. It is one of the products of the Chautauqua Press, and not a very favorable product; for its style is curiously dogmatic, involved, over-punctuated, and *de haut en bas*. We have seldom read a more pompous or affected book: a book which appears to imitate at once some of the worst faults of Ruskin and Freeman. We found much to praise in Mr. Wilkinson's 'Classic French Course in English' some time ago; but since then he seems to have undergone a 'sea-change' in manner, and floods his pages with paradoxes and paradoxical statements difficult alike to parse and to understand. The tone of his book is often offensively arrogant and bombastic: it toys with the great names of German literature as if they were mere baubles or trifles; and its treatment of many, if not most, of them is utterly inadequate. Who, for example, could get any satisfactory notion of Lessing's 'Laocöon' from the scrappy analysis of it to which we are treated in this book? And did Wieland write nothing but 'Oberon'? One would think not from reading the pages on this writer. After this, one is treated to a prosy sermon on Heine's short-comings—blasphemy, lewdness, irreverence, in-consequence, etc. A richer or nobler literature than the German cannot be found; but, skimmed in this superficial way, it becomes positively harmful, for it fills people's minds with prejudice and prepossession, and inculcates no true love of letters. One is introduced (through this writer's eyes) to a mob of 'free-thinkers,' 'atheists,' 'imitators,' and what not, and is almost led to think that there is 'nothing in it all' after all. This may be very edifying from the writer's point of view, but we must enter our protest against it. To us, Germany and the Germans look very different.

Mr. Stedman Denies a Falsehood.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

A friend has handed me a slip from the literary column of the *Pittsburg Bulletin*, referring to Mr. R. H. Stoddard as a critic, and making the following remarkable statement:—"A number of determined efforts have been made to oust him from his place on *The Mail and Express*, but the influence of the Century Club is too much for his enemies. It is hinted in the Club that Mr. Edmund C. Stedman, who is restive under some of his criticisms, has been the chief factor in the attempt to deprive him of his critical position."

I never have felt bound to correct ordinary misstatements; but the foregoing is simply atrocious, and one that no honest man could afford to see in print without instant denial. Not that my declaration of its utter falseness is necessary in this region. All, who know us, know that Mr. Stoddard and I are bound together by the friendship of years; that the intimacy between our households is constant, that I have a steadfast respect for his genius and interest in his work—which, by the way, does not have to seek for a market.

Mr. Stoddard's fair and often generous notices of my own work are certainly not of a sort to be 'restive under.' Were the case otherwise, I should wonder what I ever have done that a writer should believe me capable of intriguing against any man-of-letters.

CENTURY CLUB, November 8, 1887. E. C. STEDMAN.

"The Wife."

THE production at the Lyceum Theatre of 'The Wife,' a four-act play by Messrs. De Mille and Belasco, is important chiefly because it introduces to public attention the excellent stock-company which Mr. Frohman has organized. The play itself is not remarkable; it is founded on an old theme, and is very unequal in quality. It shows how a young woman married one man while loving another, became involved in scandal in consequence, and was restored to peace and happiness by the wise, brave and tender conduct of her husband. The first two acts are weak, especially in the comedy scenes, which are coarsely and clumsily drawn; but the third, in which an indiscreet lover is repressed, the villain checkmated, and the wife redeemed, is strongly written and very effective in a dramatic sense. It has vigor and pathos, and saves the play. Mr. Kelcey and Miss Cayvan are seen to great advantage throughout this act, both displaying an artistic restraint which is wholly admirable. Some of the other performers err by excess of enthusiasm. The strength of the cast may be inferred from the fact that it includes the names of Henry Miller, W. J. LeMoine, Nelson Wheatcroft, Charles Walcott, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Grace Henderson, Mrs. Walcott and Louise Dillon. It should be added that 'The Wife' deals with a delicate subject in a wholesome and sensible way, and is devoid of anything like false sentiment. In this respect it is entitled to warm praise.

The Lounger

THERE are few persons in the civilized world who have not heard with regret of the death of Jenny Lind. Her name has been a household word and in this country even those to whom she was known only by tradition had come to have a personal affection for her. Jenny Lind's tour in America occurred before my day, but I know so many people who heard her, and who can remember her appearance and the quality of her voice as well as though she had sung here within the last decade, that I almost feel as if I had heard her myself.

WHEN this famous singer visited this country such a thing as a photograph had never been heard of. The only process by which portraits could be made by the power of the sun was that of the daguerreotype. There was nothing 'instantaneous' about that process. The sitter had to pose in the blazing sun before the camera

for eight or ten minutes, but unless he lost his natural expression from fatigue, the result was much more satisfactory than that of the average photograph. After some diplomatic correspondence, 'the Swedish nightingale' was induced to sit to Brady for her daguerreotype; but I don't think that any other artist of the camera was able to secure her. I am the fortunate possessor of a daguerreotype of Jenny Lind, and I suppose that it is one of those taken by Brady, though there is no way of finding out. At the risk of the air getting at the sensitive copper and obliterating the likeness, I took it all apart the other day, to see if there was any clew to the daguerreotype's name. That there is none shows the modesty of those pictorial artists as compared with the photographers of the present day. The picture is quite faded, though still distinct enough to be very interesting. The singer is looking almost directly at the camera. The face is not at all pretty, but the eyes are fine, and the expression unusually sweet and attractive. If it had not been her natural expression, she could hardly have kept it up for the ten minutes required to take the picture. The hair, very thick and wavy, is combed down over the ears, turned back with a puff, and fastened in a knot at the back. The dress is low-necked, but the plump, girlish shoulders are covered with lace. Altogether it is a very pleasant and interesting picture, and I wouldn't part with it for a hundred such photographs as one sees of modern singers every day.

THE REASON why some photographs do not look like the people they were intended to represent, but rather as they would like to look, is explained by a circular I have just received from a Broadway photographer of wide reputation. This gentleman tells his would-be patrons that he can change the color of their hair and the expression of their mouths and eyes, do away with their double-chins, and diminish the size of their hands and feet, in the negatives retouched by his 'skilful artist.' If a person with a short upper lip sits in front of his camera, he remedies this defect by a little retouching or by giving the 'subject' a new sitting, and taking the mouth 'more on the bias' (I quote his own language) the next time. All this doctoring may improve the picture as a thing of beauty, but I hardly see how it can make a very satisfactory likeness.

I NEVER COULD understand the feeling that prompts a person to have all that is characteristic taken out of his face by the brush of the retoucher. I should think it would be embarrassing to claim a photograph so much better looking than oneself. It is 'human nature,' however, and is a weakness especially prevalent among members of the theatrical profession. Did you ever compare the lithographs of 'stars' exposed in the shop-windows with the originals? They invariably make them out from ten to twenty years younger than they are, give an extra wave to their hair, and increase the size of their eyes and lessen that of their mouths by about one-half. Some of them bear not the slightest resemblance to the 'stars' they pretend to portray, and nothing but the appended autograph signatures—equally 'retouched'—gives any clew to their identity.

REMEYNI, the violinist, whose death has been recently chronicled, was an amusing man, but something of a *poseur* at the same time. In travelling from place to place on his concert tours, while sitting in a car reading the newspaper he would hold a 'dummy' violin tucked under his chin. As his eyes absorbed the news, his agile fingers ran up and down the strings. The passengers would stare, but he appeared to be heedless of their curious gaze. He always said in reply to any questions on the subject, that he was keeping his hand in practice; but the members of his company thought that he did it more as an advertisement than anything else. For everybody said, 'Who is the jolly little fellow with the fiddle?' and there was always some one to reply 'Oh! that's Remenyi.'

HE was not a great violinist, but I have had a great deal of enjoyment from his playing. He always reminded me of a gnome, and I should not have been at all surprised had I met him in the woods, sitting cross-legged on a toad-stool, and playing his violin for the fairies to dance.

THE MUNICIPAL authorities of Wolverhampton, England, have found a mare's-nest in Mr. Carnegie's 'Triumphant Democracy,' and want to have the author imprisoned, if not decapitated, for treason. They must first catch their traitor, however. Mr. Carnegie is an American citizen, unless I am much mistaken, and is not at all likely to die on the scaffold for calling the British monarchy effete, or pointing out that the support of the royal family is a grotesque piece of national extravagance.

The Fine Arts

The Catherine Wolfe Collection.

THE Metropolitan Museum reopened last Monday. The Catherine Lorillard Wolfe collection, its chief attraction, occupies the entire Eastern Gallery, with the portrait of Miss Wolfe in white satin and dark fur, by Cabanel, at one end of the hall, and that of her father, by Huntington, at the other. The collection numbers 142 pictures, including twenty-two water-colors of the best schools—Vibert, Fortuny, Meissonier, Leloir, etc. It bears no stamp of individuality or personal taste, but simply presents an array of excellent examples of the contemporary French masters (with a few Germans) whose works are most prized in the American commercial picture-world. Many of the canvases belong to the popular story-telling class, but they are the best of their kind. Munkacsy's 'Pawnshop' has turned black, but this rather adds to the sentiment of the melancholy groups. Jules Breton's 'Grand Pardon, Brittany,' Gabriel Max's 'Christian Martyr,' Cot's 'Approaching Storm' (a girl and youth hurrying down a hill), Kaubach's 'Vision of the Crusaders,' Piloty's 'Wise and Foolish Virgins,' and works by Makart, Cabanel, Chaplin, Merle, and Bonnat appeal to popular appreciation. Knaus's lovely Madonna, and his 'Old Woman with Cats,' are for painters and public alike. The landscapes are by Diaz, Dupré, Wahlberg, Daubigny, Troyon, Rousseau, Corot and other leading men. Vallar's barnyard subject, the fine Fromentin, and Decamp's 'Turkish Patrol,' form a group of color-pictures. There are brilliant examples of Meissonier, Barye, Gérôme, Vibert, Roybet, Madrazo, Rico and Worms. The Sir Joshua Reynolds presented by Mr. Junius S. Morgan to the Museum, and now on exhibition for the first time, is the finest example of the master in this country. It presents the lifesize portraits of three young men, the ninth Earl of Westmoreland and his two trustees, grouped about a table in a leafy arbor. It is a work of which the spectator will never tire. In spite of the ravages of time it has the true perfume of the best Eighteenth-Century art. The four pictures presented by Mr. Schaus (mentioned in last week's CRITIC), the Italian *genre* given by Mrs. Emma Keep Schley, Mrs. C. E. Wentworth's portrait of Gen. McClellan presented by herself, the statue of 'The Veiled Woman' by Raphael Monti, presented by Mr. William Schaus, and a fine Alma-Tadema, 'Reading Homer,' lent by Mr. Marquand, are among the new works in the Museum.

Art Notes.

A LARGE picture by Otto Wolf, of Munich, is on exhibition at George W. Carner's art-galleries in Fifth Avenue. It shows Christ and the adulteress, the latter kneeling at the Saviour's feet, while her accuser, an elderly man, points at her. The group of which these are the principal figures occupies the centre of the composition. The scene takes place in the interior of the synagogue. At the left, a crowd of women is pouring in through the open door. At the right the scribes and pharisees are seated, or are just rising from their seats, peering with eager curiosity at the unfortunate woman. The heads and figures are very well painted, and strongly individualized. The work is seriously treated throughout. Owing to the artificial lighting of the picture, many of its delicate points of color, tone and light are lost; but as it stands it presents a good example of the best side of Munich art. A number of other pictures are on exhibition at this gallery, including a fine Toudouze, with a color-scheme of rose-color and green, unusually well handled.

—Mr. Robert Koehler who has charge of the American art department of the approaching International Exhibition at Munich, intends to call a meeting of artists in this city to select pictures to be sent to Munich. The expenses connected with the enterprise will amount to about \$5,000. It is hoped that Congress will appropriate that amount for the purpose.

—Miss Olivia E. and Miss Caroline Phelps Stokes have just bought in Paris a newly-finished painting by Jean Paul Laurens, which represents Columbus explaining to Isabella his proposed voyage to India—a trip that never came off, owing to the unexpected discovery of the New World. The picture is expected to reach New York very shortly, and will be shown at some exhibition, though it is not to be sold.

—M. Rajon, the French etcher, has returned to New York to execute some of the admirable crayon portraits for which he is justly celebrated.

—The Lenox Library will in future be open to the public free and without tickets every day in the week, except Monday, from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M. Munkacsy's 'Milton and his Daughters' is one of the important works in this gallery.

—For the approaching exhibition, 1200 pictures have been sent to the Academy of Design; but it is probable that only about one-half of them will be accepted.

—Mr. David Neal, who has sailed for Munich, will return to Chicago in January, to paint some more portraits. His 'Interior of St. Mark's' has been presented to the Art Institute of Chicago by Mr. S. M. Nickerson.

—Mr. St. Gaudens's statue of 'The Puritan,' modelled after the type presented by the Chapin family of Springfield, Mass., will be unveiled in that city about the middle of this month. It will stand on Stearns Park, facing Bridge Street. The pedestal will be a broad low granite slab.

The jury appointed by the Architectural League for its third annual exhibition consists of Richard M. Hunt, Charles F. McKim, Augustus St. Gaudens, Edward H. Kendall and Clarence S. Luce.

—The forthcoming *Art Review* will contain an article on etching, 'The Modern Disciples of Rembrandt,' by Mr. Frederick Keppel, illustrated with a slightly-reduced fac-simile of Seymour Haden's famous plate, 'Shere Mill Pond.'

—Frederick Keppel & Co. have some valuable new etchings in their portfolios. The Dutch school is represented by a large finely handled plate of 'Dordrecht' by Charles Storm van's Gravesande and one of two tigers by Van Muyden, which is delicately treated. Stothard's 'Procession of the Flitch of Bacon,' a companion to the 'Canterbury Pilgrimage' has been etched by Teyssonnière. The advance proof is shown here. Three new plates by Léon Coutil are after Jules Breton's 'Harvesters,' 'Titian's Son,' and a figure of 'Comedy' by Madame Bracquemond, wife of the etcher. Some drawings in two colors by Camille Fouce, a pupil of L'Allange, are simple and broad. Three new etchings by Reginald Coxe are 'The Lost Chord,' a mystical composition, effectively treated, that shows a monk at an organ; and two American coast subjects, that contain good work. On Nov. 20 this firm will put on exhibition the complete etched work of Peter Moran, of Philadelphia. In their well-lighted new gallery—No. 20 East 16th Street—of which the opening of this exhibition will serve as a sort of housewarming, they will display no framed etchings, as they find that buyers prefer to select their own frames as well as pictures.

Boston Letter.

A CERTAIN hotel on the Back Bay, as we call our Belgravia, somewhat facetiously advertises itself in the tropical season as a 'summer resort,' and the neighborhood certainly has more charms than many 'summer resorts' I know of. Commonwealth Avenue, on which the hotel is situated, is our Champs Elysées—a noble boulevard, with a verdant promenade down the middle, and its luxurious architecture (artistic generally, as well as luxurious) cut by cross-streets opening vistas to the Charles River which in the midsummer months often flows like a stream of copper or gold. A few hundred yards away is the Public Garden with its lakelet, its willows, its elms, its lilacs, and those masses of pyrotechnical bloom which Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer rashly criticises, in ignorance, apparently, of the awful fate that attends those who disparage the things which Boston loves: a charming place it is, too, in the popular estimation, despite the cavil of that brilliant woman, glittering amid prosaic surroundings like a jewel set in a ring of common metal. Up from it sweeps Beacon Hill like a citadel, catching all the rosy glow of the west in the late afternoon; and in the other direction the avenue leads out until it emerges in the new park. Pray, be careful, Mrs. Van Rensselaer. Boston is an irascible subject, as easily hurt as a dislocated eye, as Aldrich once said of a person who shall be nameless.

Attractive as the city is, however, everybody goes out of town from May until October—to Beverley Farms, to Magnolia, to Manchester, to Nahant, to Swampscott, to Cohasset. The vacation lasts until the last leaf has fluttered down, and until two or three weeks ago nearly all the houses in the fashionable quarter were closed, doubly bolted and barred, with doors and windows boarded up. But the return is sudden and simultaneous, effecting something like the trick scene of a play. The outer doors and windows are taken down, leaving glass in place of wood, and revealing many a pretty bit of hall decoration; the houses seem to have just opened their eyes after a long sleep.

One of the surest signs of the opening of the season is the first Symphony Concert; and quickly following it are the Lowell Institute Lectures, which, though anything but distinctly fashionable, have come to be regarded as one of the features of the Boston winter. They are supported by the endowment of \$237,000 by John Lowell, Jr., and admission to them is obtained by tickets which are gratuitously distributed to all persons who see fit to stand in line at the Cadet Armory on the Saturday preceding the opening of each course. Only one ticket is given to each person, but that entitles him to a seat during the entire course, provided he reaches the hall before 7.43 P.M. At that moment all unoccupied seats may be seized by those who hold tickets of admission only, which are distributed when all the reserved seat tickets are exhausted. A Lowell Institute audience has an appearance and a manner all its own, and quite different from the characteristics of a music hall audience or a theatre audience. Its serious and academic purpose is relieved by a visible joy in the consciousness of exemption from attendant expense, and this is again revealed in an almost hysterical tendency to laugh at any mild and cautious approach to humor in the discourse. Any nee'dy little joke which has been worn out in other service is still a lever of risibility with a Lowell Institute audience, and more than one lecturer has had reason to be grateful for this child-like appreciativeness. The lectures and the lecturers are of all qualities—sometimes as good as Alfred Russel Wallace, James Russell Lowell or Edmund Gosse, sometimes as unballasted as—but I do not wish to be disagreeable.

This season the Lectures have been opened by Mr. Henry A. Clapp in a course of six on the plays of Shakspeare, which, to judge from the first, would delight any audience, no matter how critical and scholarly it might be. Mr. Clapp's manner is fluent and graphic; and though he wastes no time on unessential obscurities, his method is searching and complete, and imbued with the spirit of an exacting and indefatigable scholar. The play under consideration—it was 'Romeo and Juliet' in his first lecture—is analyzed from a poetical and a theatrical point of view, and especially with reference to the period which it represents in its author's life, its genesis is traced, and the various readings of disputed passages are sifted and weighed with the sanity and authoritativeness which characterize Mr. Clapp's criticism. Boston is fortunate in having the criticism of its plays and concerts in the hands of men like Mr. Clapp, who represents the *Advertiser*, Mr. W. F. Athorp of the *Transcript*, and Mr. B. E. Woolf, of the *Gazette*.

The advertising columns of *The Athenæum*, from which I lately quoted, are not the least interesting part of that journal. One may get through them many a glimpse of the vicissitudes of literary life in London, and of the tragical poverty of those literary workers who have no name to conjure with. Often enough one sees the advertisement of some scholar in search of employment:—'a B. A. of Cambridge wants a situation; can write shorthand, is an accomplished linguist and an experienced paragraphist. Salary expected 30 shillings a week.' Seven dollars and a half! Think of the poor gentleman's saucy and butlerless insufficiency! The rewards of journalism and literature are slender in the United States, but they are never so ignominious as thirty shillings a week. Indeed, while our celebrated authors make less than writers of a similar standing in England, our minor authors command far higher prices than those of that country. Another curious advertisement is of a magazine for sale, the copyright of which is offered for fifty pounds. As a special inducement, it is stated that 'several hundred pounds have already been sunk in the venture;' just as if pebbles dropped into a river always insured a secure foundation. I have also been amused by a self-confident but evidently unappreciated genius who advertises as follows:

ORTHODOX HOMEROLOGY.—Would any EDITOR or PUBLISHER ACCEPT an ARTICLE in which the great Poet's Date, Birthplace, Parentage, Ancestry, and acquaintance with the art of Writing are distinctly proved by innumerable arguments beyond all possibility of further controversy?—Address F. A. —, Bayswater.

This appeared several consecutive weeks, and was then succeeded by another advertisement from the same hand:

HOMER—his Date, Ancestry, MSS., &c. (Last Advertisement.) The author of 'Orthodox Homerology' has sought to resuscitate the world-old facts that hypersepticism has buried alive, as if tired of their living so long, and to convert its ghastly negative into a living, breathing, speaking photograph of the immortal bard. Philomericists desirous of seeing 'O. H.,' or of aiding in its publication, are requested to address F. A. —, Bayswater.

One can see the old gentleman in his modest suburban quarters of yellow brick turning into gray, with all the apparatus of his 'Homerology' around him, treasuring his discovery like an alchemist of old; happy despite all 'hypersepticism;' sublimely sophomoric in his belief that argument is conclusive; proud in his championship of an 'immortal bard;' and, best of all, conscious, even though he

does not receive a single answer to his advertisement, of dealing an irremediable blow at the refractory world by simply retiring from an uncontested field.

The statue of Leif Ericsson has been unveiled without uncovering anything which the future is likely to treasure. The statue itself has the appearance of being propped up or suspended by strings, like a marionette; it has no firmness in its foothold, and seems as unfamiliar to earth as an apparition before the footlights which is sprung upon us through a trap door; but it is ineffable compared with the pedestal, which is a triumphant example of unrestrained imagination in the direction of the grotesque. The base represents a Norse boat about ten feet long with a dragonish head in the prow and the tail of the same monster neatly coiled up in the stern. Super-imposed upon the thwarts of this is a solid block of masonry weighing perhaps two tons; and when it is said that Leif is poised on the summit, it will not be difficult to account by the obvious instability of the foundations for the lack of confidence in the figure.

It is a comfort to turn from this to the exhibition of loaned pictures with which the St. Botolph Club has celebrated its removal to its new house in Newbury Street—a collection so good that one brings away from it a conviction of immortality. Here in a cluster are examples of Daubigny, Ziem, Mauve, Rousseau, Diaz, Hunt, Corot, De Neuville, Gauguin, Heilbuth, La Farge, Gerôme, Troyon, Sargent, Millet, Vedder, Fortuny and Fuller. Sargent is represented by a portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson, who is pictured (I do not know how faithfully) as a long-fingered, thin-haired, loosely-dressed, attenuated, whimsical and uncanny-looking gentleman, who satisfies one's idea of the author of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' though some of the features seem to be over-accentuated to the point of caricature. The Fortuny is his unfinished 'Funeral in Carnival Time,' and the Merson is the familiar 'Repose in Egypt.' Vedder is represented by 'The Star of Bethlehem,' 'The Pleiades' and 'Identity,' the latter being an illustration of Aldrich's poem. I do not intend to catalogue the pictures; but 'Identity' reminds me of a story of two Boston ladies, a mother and daughter, who lately arrived after a stormy passage across the Atlantic. Struggling out of their bunks one morning after a night made restless by the spasmodic 'racing' of the screw and the heavings and oscillations of the ship, they stood dishevelled and hollow-eyed staring into each other's face. The applicability of 'Identity' suddenly flashed upon the younger woman's mind and she began to quote:

Somehow—in desolate wind-swept space—
In Twilight-land—in No-man's-land—
Two hurrying shapes met face to face
And bade each other stand.

'And who are you?' cried one agape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light;
'I know not,' said the second shape:
'I only died last night!'

BOSTON, November 7, 1887.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

"Faust."

MR. WILLS'S dramatic adaptation of the first part of Goethe's 'Faust,' which achieved so great a success at the Lyceum Theatre in London, last winter, was produced by Mr. Henry Irving and his company at the Star Theatre on Monday evening last, and was received with delight by one of the largest and most discriminating audiences ever assembled in that famous house. A more evenly brilliant theatrical performance has very rarely, if ever, been seen in this city, and the honors of the occasion must be divided between the author, the actors and the manager, for to the manager's liberality and fine taste the triumph is chiefly due. The play itself, although written generally in clear and forcible style, and with due respect for the great original, is more remarkable for its symmetry and compactness, than for any peculiar literary merit. It has been compressed so energetically, indeed, that some of the characters are the merest shadows, and the connection between the different acts is not always obvious. The links in the story are never completely broken, however, and there is no gap which cannot be filled by any ordinary intelligence. There are only four persons who are at all prominent—Faust, Margaret, Mephisto and Martha. The sequence of events is practically the same as that in any one of half-a-dozen stage-versions of the allegory; but far greater advantage than usual is taken of the supernatural element. At the rising of the curtain the scene is laid in Faust's study, where the fiend appears, fosters the aged doctor's spirit of discontent, and finally wins from him the compact in which he barter his soul for love, youth and power. Then follows a succession of scenes in Nuremberg (copies from nature), in which Faust, urged on by Mephisto, wins and beguiles Margaret. The third act is devoted to the disgrace of the unhappy girl, the return of her brother Valentine and

his fatal duel with Faust, and the church scene—an admirable bit of ingenuity, in which the fiend tempts the praying Margaret to add the crime of child-murder to her other offences. Then follows the great scene of the revels upon the Brocken, about which so much has been written; and the play closes with the death of Margaret in a dungeon, her redemption through her appeal to the Cross and the spiriting-away of Faust by Mephisto.

It is rather late in the day now to dilate upon the individual scenes which have been the object of so much commendation, but it would be unjust not to direct attention to some of their chief beauties. Hawes Craven and William Telbin, from whose brushes all these wonderful pictures proceed, are perfect masters of the art of coloring. It may be that there are occasional stage sets in this country which are drawn or constructed with equal brilliancy and elaboration; but they do not satisfy the sense of color as do these works of the English artists. Take, for instance, the interior of Faust's cell, with its look of grey old age, its gloomy corners and recesses, and the adroit use made of various colored lights; or the brilliant outdoor scene in the Lorenz Platz, with its massive cathedral doors covered with ornate carving, the quaint houses with their wonderful appearance of solidity and soft rich tone, and the cleverly-harmonized groups which lend animation to the whole. The two garden sets are the idealization of peaceful retirement; and there is a bird's-eye view of Nuremberg which is worthy of a place in an art gallery. The red fire and electrical manifestations which accompany Mephisto are simple tricks enough, but they are managed with that fine precision which betokens artistic design and oversight; and the adroit management of the different side-lights creates the most striking effects. The most impressive picture of all is that of the diabolic orgy on the Brocken, when Mephisto entertains Faust with all kinds of unholy rites. The curtain rises upon a bare scene, a cold slope flanked by rugged rocks on one side, and several blasted and shrivelled old trees on the other. Presently hideous shapes begin to creep over the brow of the hill, and by and by the whole space is filled with a whirling mass of gibbering sprites, among whom toil several lost souls. They dance and do obeisance to the master spirit with shrill despairing cries. Anon they vanish, almost on the instant, and the shadowy form of Margaret floats across the pale sky. Faust would leap forward to accost her, but is caught in the tide of the returning demons, and abandons himself to the blandishments of a number of weird women, who have been summoned to enthrall him. Again the hell-crew vanish amid thunder and lightning, and Mephisto towers alone in grandeur, and laughs horribly. The whole conception of the scene is original and powerful, and the effect ghastly. There is no sort of connection between a representation so significant and the aimless contortions of the conventional stage imp. A picture of a totally different kind is the lovely vision of angels in the last scene over the dead body of the unhappy Margaret. Of the mere stage management it would be almost impossible to speak too highly. In the street groups, the various personages move about as easily and as naturally as if each one was about his especial business. The behavior of the mob around the dying Valentine, in its demonstrations of sympathy and passion, is so natural that the illusion is almost perfect.

Of the principal actors Mr. Irving as Mephisto easily dominates all his assistants, partly because he is almost always on the stage, partly because he has nearly all the best lines in the play, and partly because he acts with extraordinary finish and great intellectual significance. It is in cynicism, in infernal raillery, in saturnine immobility, and in diabolical suggestion, that he is most effective. His very walk is suggestive of ceaseless activity in mischief, and the great variety of his facial expression enables him to indicate each passing word with startling vividness. There are touches of devilish malice in his scene in Margaret's chamber, and in his various temptations of Faust; and the sneering speeches assigned to him are delivered with the grimmest emphasis. He is particularly successful in his wooing scenes with Martha, his grave and rigid face, and restless eyes suggesting a most formidable and subtle nature. His utterance is constantly marred, of course, by the vicious system in which he persists; but his eccentricities in this way are less objectionable in this than in some other parts. There is nothing really tremendous in his devil, although there are suggestions of infinite possibilities. In moments of actual passion he is weak. His threat to tear Faust in pieces has nothing awful in it, and there is little real power in his final assertion of authority over him. Still, considered as a whole, his Mephisto is a most picturesque and vivid impersonation, thoroughly consistent and polished in the highest method of dramatic art.

The Margaret of Miss Ellen Terry is so lovely and winning that it is useless to criticise it. It is the very embodiment of everything that is graceful and youthful and pure. The innocence of the bedroom scene is delightful, and her joy over the jewels the perfection

of girlish glee. Her love-scenes have a hundred little indefinable graces which appeal irresistibly to the sympathies of the spectator, as when she kisses her lover's hand; and in her sorrows she is so simply pathetic, that she easily wins the tribute of tears. She and Mr. Irving were called before the curtain again and again. Mr. Alexander is a good Faust and Mrs. Chippendale a fair Martha, and all the smaller characters are filled by perfectly competent performers who work together with absolute smoothness and harmony. There can be no doubt that the production was a success of the most emphatic kind both from an artistic and managerial point of view.

"'Me,' a Companion to 'She.'"

MR. RIDER HAGGARD writes to the *London Times*:

Those who are sanguine among us find signs that indicate the coming of a climax in the matter of American copyright. Something must be done soon. Either the foreign author must finally and forever be pronounced to be outside of the law, or his right to some remuneration for his work, however humble the amount, must receive a legal acknowledgment. For my own part, being one of the sanguine, I believe that the sense of justice of the American people will in the end triumph over the sense of the established interest of piratical publishers and the natural repugnance of the items of a great reading public to do justice to the authors who amuse and interest them at the cost of a few dollars per annum drawn from their pockets.

A short while since I received a letter from an American correspondent informing me that a book had been published under my name which he suspected had not been written by me. To-day I received a copy of the book, of which the cover bears the following imprint (the full stop after 'She' should be noted):

'ME,
A companion to SHE.
By H. Rider Haggard.
BUTLER BROTHERS.
New York and Chicago,
Copyright.'

I am totally innocent of this book (of which the sub-title is 'Window Curtains' and which appears to treat chiefly of furniture and dollars). I did not write it, and read it I can not. Here, however, is a sentence taken at hazard from the second page: 'I was ushered into a parlor elegantly attired (*sic*) in sofas, easy chairs, gilt mirrors and handsome window curtains.'

I think that most people who write books would object to this elegantly attired parlor being fathered upon them. Personally I have had various experiences of this nature. To ordinary everyday piracy I am well accustomed. Indeed, at this moment I am engaged in collecting specimens of thirteen competing American editions, all of them pirated, that have been printed from a single work of mine. Not long ago my book, 'Allan Quatermain,' was published from my uncorrected proofs, which by some dark and mysterious means found their way into the hands of the American firm that was so good as to hurry them into the notice of the world. The object of this delicate attention was to flood the market with copies of my book before it could be printed from the 'advanced sheets,' supplied to the authorized publishers, and thus deprive the writer of the few pounds he might gain by two days' priority of sales. Needless to say, it succeeded to a marked extent. These things and their like I have endured in silence. But I venture to think, and I believe all honest men, American or English, will agree with me, that it is scarcely right that a man's name should be practically forged for the purpose of imposing a worthless book upon a confiding public.

It is argued, especially by Mr. Brander Matthews, that American authors suffer similar ills in England. In the main this is not a sound argument. Public opinion in this country runs too strongly against such doubtful performances. Moreover, the American author can protect himself by the simple expedient of prior publication in England. I would suggest, however, that this cry should without further delay be taken out of the mouths of the apologists of book theft. Copyright can, I believe, be extended to the citizens of any country by a simple order of her Majesty in Council. Why is not this done in the case of the American authors? Meanwhile I wish to say this: The American legislature has it in its power, without materially increasing the cost of books, to protect authors, foreign or American, from wrongs and frauds such as I have alluded to. A scheme will shortly be laid before the public which will attain this end if Congress can be persuaded to pass it into law. I devoutly trust for the sake of all concerned that the constant recurrence of discreditable incidents such as I have described may weigh with it when the matter is brought forward for consideration.

A Turkish Centenarian.

A CONSTANTINOPLE correspondent writes to *The Pall Mall Gazette* as follows, with reference to a friend of Robespierre's:

Constantinople has just lost its oldest inhabitant in the person of M. Dimitrios Antippa, who died on the 10th inst. at the extraordinary age of 115. He really counted as a figure in history, though few who knew him and respected him as a modest yet influential merchant were aware how eventful had been the early part of his long life. He was born in 1772, at Kephallonia, his parents being engaged in commerce at Constantinople. Here he remained until he was fifteen, when, yielding to the persuasion of an *attaché* at the French Embassy—M. Chénier, brother of the famous poet and a great friend of the family—Antippa *père* resolved to send his son to Paris, the centre of thought and learning, where he might complete his education in the best way. The boy saw the French capital during its most awful revolutionary period. He witnessed all the ghastly scenes of the Reign of Terror. He knew Marat, Danton, Robespierre personally. As a Greek he could frequent both Girondist and Montagnard society; and was intimate, now with Camille Desmoulins and Barnave, now with Tallien and St. Just. In Mme. Tallien's salon he danced the Carmagnole and sang 'Ça ira.' He was a friend of poor André Chénier, and saw him die. He also was present at the murder of Marie Antoinette on the scaffold. In fact, he witnessed the guillotine destroy all its most famous victims. When the storm had passed, in the calm time which succeeded it, young Antippa returned to his parental home at Constantinople, and started life as a merchant. From numerous friends of note in Paris he had obtained most flattering letters of recommendation; and these helped him at once to get complete recognition in the French society of Constantinople, then far more powerful than it is to-day. The Embassies one and all received him as a distinguished guest; and the French Ambassador became his most intimate friend. At the French Embassy young Antippa is said to have first introduced the *carmagnole*, which was danced in Pera during the carnival of 1794-5.

In his habits M. Antippa was most retiring, even reserved and cold towards strangers. For eighty years he lived at his residence at Tavatla, on the heights facing the Turkish capital. It was within easy distance of his office at Galata, to which he was wont to ride daily, invariably attended by a servant. His face was kindly and intelligent; the form of it somewhat Homeric, with a handsome white beard always carefully trimmed. He remained a bachelor all his life, and was noted for his charity, having repeatedly given handsome sums for the advancement of education in his own country. To the last day of his life M. Antippa retained his clearness of intellect.

Notes

THE arrangements for the Authors' Readings at Chickering Hall on the afternoon of Nov. 28 and 29 are sufficiently advanced to make it certain that the occasion will be of an interesting and memorable character. Mr. Lowell, who sailed from England last week, will occupy the chair as President of the Copyright League, and other participants will be George William Curtis, Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), Charles Dudley Warner, Frank R. Stockton, W. D. Howells, Dr. Edward Eggleston, George W. Cable and Thomas Nelson Page; and to this list the Committee hopes to make attractive additions which will be duly announced. An auxiliary committee of ladies is being formed.

—Rev. G. W. Cooke, the biographer of George Eliot and Emerson, has given up his church at West Dedham, Mass., where he now preaches only as a 'supply,' and removed to Dedham proper, which takes him nearer to Boston, and makes it easier to fill his numerous lecture engagements.

—Mr. Brander Matthews will have another shot at the British pirate-publisher in the January *New Princeton Review*.

—A strong array of contributors will do what they can to make this year's Christmas *Book Buyer* as strong a number as that of last year or the year before.

—Mr. E. B. Sanford's *History of Connecticut* will soon go into a second edition.

—Wm. R. Jenkins is about to add to his *Romans Choisis*, Georges Ohnet's 'Le Maître de Forges,' to his *Contes Choisis*, Jules Claretie's 'Boum-Boum,' and to his *Théâtre Contemporain* Erckmann-Chatrian's 'L'Ami Fritz.' Mr. Jenkins has just issued 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme' as the second of M. Cotte's *Contes Tirés de Molière*, and promises to publish this month Lamartine's 'Graziella' in the original French.

—In your last number (page 227), writes T. W. H., 'for "Mrs. Palfrey" read "Miss Palfrey." She is Sarah H. Palfrey, oldest daughter of the historian of New England.'

—Mr. Yates reports in the *Tribune* that Sir Richard Burton, the distinguished Orientalist and 'literal' translator of 'The Arabian Nights,' has 'broken down altogether.' He suggests that Sir Richard be retired from the Consulship at Trieste on a pension.

—Another text-book of the new 'universal language' is announced—the 'Handbook of Volapük,' by Chas. E. Sprague, 'Member of the Academy of Volapük.' It will be ready about Nov. 17, and may be ordered from the author, at 1271 Broadway, or through The Office Co., 37 College Place. Mr. Sprague will hereafter conduct a Volapük department in *The Office*. It is said that there are ninety-six books on the subject, in different languages, and that eleven periodicals are devoted to it.

—M. James Darmesteter, who contributes to *The Contemporary Review* a paper on 'Afghan Life in Afghan Songs,' and to *Le Journal Asiatique* one on 'Points of Contact between the Mahābhārata and the Shāh-nāmā,' is Professor of Persian in the College of France. He has but recently returned from a visit to the East.

—Prof. C. A. Waldo's 'Descriptive Geometry' is about to issue from the press of D. C. Heath & Co.

—M. Renan's new work, 'Histoire du Peuple d'Israël,' is said to be completed. The first volume, 'Saül et David,' was published in Paris on Oct. 25.

—Ticknor & Co. published on Wednesday 'The Story of an Enthusiast, told by Himself,' by Mrs. C. V. Jamison, and 'Sobriquets and Nicknames,' by Alfred R. Frey. In their Paper Series they published last Saturday Mr. Howells's 'A Woman's Reason;' and in the same series they will issue to-day Mr. Bynner's 'Damen's Ghost,' and next Saturday Mr. Harris's 'Nights with Uncle Remus.'

—Dr. Ebers's *Life of Lepsius*, translated by Zoe Underhill, is forthcoming from Mr. Gottsberger's press.

—M. Emmanuel Gonzalès, author of 'The Queen's Favorite,' 'An Angel's Diary,' 'Esau, the Leper,' 'The Gold-Seekers,' etc.—novels that almost rivalled in popularity those of Dumas and Sue,—was buried on Oct. 17. He was one of the founders of the *Revue de France*, and founder and President of the Société de Gens de Lettres.

Cardinal Manning is understood to be the author of a volume entitled 'Religio Viatoris,' just issued anonymously in London.

—Among the scholars who will instruct students of the University of Pennsylvania in the newly-opened course of Semitic languages are Profs. Lyon of Harvard, Harper of Yale, Brown of the Union Theological Seminary, Haupt of Johns Hopkins, and Jastrow, Peters and Heilprecht.

—One of Mr. Haggard's two new serials will be based on Egyptian history; the other will be a story of contemporaneous life.

—Mr. David Patrick has been engaged for ten years in the preparation of the new edition of 'Chambers's Encyclopædia' announced by Messrs. Lippincott. Many articles have been rewritten by specialists and others revised; and none has been permitted to stand without verification.

—Mr. Andrew Lang is to be Lord Iddesleigh's biographer.

—Miss Charlotte M. Yonge will write of Hannah More in the Eminent Women Series.

—The library edition of the Waverley novels, published by J. B. Lippincott Co., in connection with Adam & Charles Black, is just completed. Each volume contains an entire novel, printed on fine paper and in bold type, and illustrated with steel-plates by eminent engravers. It is the best edition ever offered to the American public.

—The formation of a Folk-Lore Society is proposed, primarily for the collection of the fast vanishing remains of folk-lore in America, and secondarily for the study of the general subject. The membership fee will be fixed at three dollars, and the payment of that sum annually will entitle each member to a copy of the Society's journal. This will probably be published quarterly, and will present the results of special studies in the folk-lore of the Old World and the New. The latter class includes the relics of Old English folk-lore here (ballads, tales, superstitions, dialect, etc.), the lore of the Negroes, that of the Indians (myths, tales, etc.), and that of French Canada, Mexico, etc. The moving spirits of the proposed organization are Dr. D. G. Brinton (University of Pennsylvania), Prof. F. J. Child (Harvard), Prof. T. F. Crane (Cornell), and Mr. O. T. Mason (Smithsonian). Already 104 names are recorded, but 200 are required to justify the publication of a Journal. Intending subscribers should address the Temporary Secretary, Mr. Wm. Wells Newell, 175 Brattle Street, Cambridge, Mass.

—Louise Michel has begun to publish a *Série Rouge* of six volumes, the first of which is 'Les Microbes Humains.' The others will be 'Le Monde Nouveau,' 'La Débâcle, ou le Cauchemar de la Vie,' 'Première Étape,' 'L'Épopée, ou la Légende Nouvelle,' and 'D'Astre en Astre.' The general idea of the series is a supposed association of all the victims of the laws and customs of the present social system, who, founding a colony somewhere near the North Pole, live together without laws or hindrances of any kind.

—Messrs. Appleton will issue this week 'Through Green Glasses: Andrew Merrigan's Great Discovery,' in a volume with other Irish tales.

—Persons just beginning a literary or journalistic career will find *The Writer* full of practical hints of value in their profession. The November number is especially interesting to workers in these fields.

—Mr. Ernest Legouvé, author (with Scribe) of 'Adrienne Lecouvreur,' is preparing for publication a new edition of his plays.

—'The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin,' in two volumes, edited by his son, and including an autobiographical chapter, several portraits, and a view of Down House, Darwin's home, will be published by D. Appleton & Co. on Nov. 19. Extracts from the book, printed in *The Pall Mall Gazette* in advance of its appearance, are summarized as follows:

Darwin as a child was naughty, and as a boy he was lazy. He left Shrewsbury School after seven years very little wiser than when he went there. He frankly avowed that he did not work because he knew that his father would leave him enough to live on. He was placed in charge of Dr. Broder, but his horror of the sight of blood and his repugnance to dissection prevented his becoming a doctor. After two years had elapsed his father concluded that he would not make a doctor, and designed him for the Church. He was sent to Cambridge, where he led a dissipated life, gambling and neglecting his studies. The idea of his entering the ministry was ultimately abandoned. Darwin was passionately fond of music. He frequented the concerts in the college chapel and paid the choir boys to sing in his rooms. Yet his ear was strangely defective. He was incapable of perceiving a dissonance and could not hum a tune correctly. In 1839 Darwin became a deist and thereafter remained one. 'Never in my most extreme fluctuations,' he wrote, 'was I an atheist. I never denied the existence of God.'

—The *Book Buyer* thus sums up the facts of that graceful essayist, Mr. Birrell's, life:—'The youngest son of the Rev. C. M. Birrell, of Pembroke Chapel, a well-known Nonconformist minister at Liverpool, Augustine Birrell was born at Wavertree, near Liverpool, January 19, 1850. He belongs to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and the Inner Temple, by which society he was called to the Bar in 1875. He practises at the Chancery Bar, and has twice attempted without success to get into Parliament, once for a division of Liverpool, and once for a division of Lancashire. He is a pronounced Liberal, and an advocate for the restoration to Ireland of Parliamentary institutions of her own.'

Publications Received.

Receipts of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Abbot, Willis J. Blue Jackets of 1812. \$3.00.	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Alliot, Mme. L. Contes et Nouvelles. \$1.25.	Henry Holt & Co.
Beecher, H. W. Royal Truths. \$1.25.	Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
Brown, C. B. Wieland. \$1.00.	Phila.: David McKay.
Butler, Joseph. Human Nature and Other Sermons. 20c.	Cassell & Co.
Chapman, E. R. The New Purgatory. \$1.50.	Scribner & Welford.
Champney, L. W. Three Vassar Girls at Home. \$1.50.	Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Chatterbox, 1887. \$1.25.	Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Conway, M. D. Pine and Palm. \$1.00.	Henry Holt & Co.
Cooke, Geo. W. History of the Third Parish, Dedham. \$1.00.	Boston: G. H. Ellis.
Cotte, Alfred M. Contes Tirés de Molière. 20c.	Wm. R. Jenkins.
Crawford, Marion. Marzio's Crucifix. \$1.50.	Macmillan & Co.
Doudney, Sarah. Prudence Winterburn. \$1.25.	Thos. Y. Crowell.
Field, M. Canute The Great. The Cup of Water. \$1.00.	London: Geo. Bell & Sons.
Giant Dwarf, The. \$1.00.	T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Gronlund, L. Ca Ira. \$1.25.	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Hall, F. H. Social Customs. \$2.00.	Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Holmes, Margaret. Recitations for Christmas. 25c.	Indianapolis: Chas. A. Bates.
Hugo, Victor. Les Misérables. 5 vols. \$7.50.	Wm. R. Jenkins.
Jerome, Irene E. A Bunch of Violets. \$3.75.	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Lippincott's Universal History. 4 vols. \$5.75.	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Mills, W. T. The Science of Politics. \$1.00.	Funk & Wagnalls.
Munsey, F. A. Afloat in a Great City. \$1.25.	Cassell & Co.
Newcomb, Simon. Calculus. \$1.00.	Henry Holt & Co.
Porter, Noah. Fifteen Years in the Chapel of Yale College. \$2.50.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Riding, W. H. Boyhood of Living Authors. \$1.00.	Thos. Y. Crowell.
Russell, Clark. The Frozen Pirate. 25c.	Harper Bros.
Soley, J. R. The Boys of 1812. \$2.50.	Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Sorrowing not Without Hope. 75c.	Thos. Whitaker.
Stanley, Dean. Sermons for Children. \$1.00.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Vincent, J. H. The Modern Sunday-School. \$1.00.	Phillips & Hunt.
Webster, Augusta. The Sentence. \$1.00.	Scribner & Welford.
Wenckebach, C., and Schrakamp, J. Deutsche Grammatik. \$1.00.	Henry Holt & Co.
Westall, Wm. A Queer Race. 25c.	Cassell & Co.
Whitney, Wm. D. Practical French. \$1.00.	Henry Holt & Co.
Wood, Henry. Natural Law in the Business World. 30c.	Boston: Lee & Shepard.